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THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

BY WILLIAM JEWETT PEABODY.

As pilgrims to some sacred shrine,
As wanderers to their father's home,
To this, the cradle of our race,
With glad yet reverent hearts we come.

Two hundred years have nearly passed,
Since first this ancient roof tree rose,
A shelter in the wilderness,
From howling winds and savage foes.

'Twas here our fathers lived and died—
Up from this hearth, in sweet accord,
At morn arose the voice of prayer,
At evening, anthems to the Lord.

Beneath these elms, their labor done,
They gathered oft, a cheerful throng,
And whiled the twilight hours away,
While peeped the frogs their evening song.

And oft, within, the humming wheel
Made pleasant sound in summer days,
Heard by the traveller, as he toiled
Along the dim and dusty ways.

Still in the corner ticks the clock,
That marked the hours of joy or woe,
For those whose hearts to ashes turned
More than a hundred years ago.

And still is seen the old arm-chair,
Where sat the sire at close of day,
And turned with awe the sacred page,
Their guide through life's uncertain way.

"For they were aye a godly race
Nor deem it idle boast to say
A deacon always graced the line,
From Ezekiel down to Joshua.

"Beneath the sod they slumber now,
But yet one noble form survives,
To show us all their spotless worth,
The daily beauty of their lives.

"Oh, may their virtues still descend,
While time's unwearied wing expands,
That all at length again may meet,
Meet in "a house not made with hands."

Original Novelet.

THE LOST OF THE WILDERNESS.

A Tale of New England Before the Pilgrims

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY AUGUSTINE DUGANNE.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER VIII.

GABRIEL ST. ELMO.

It will be recollected that when Abbe Cloude and the two young Luzernes had trusted themselves in their frail skiff, at the moment when the emigrant ship was broken to pieces, there was one other passenger who sought escape in the same manner. This was Gabriel St. Elmo, a youth of scarcely eighteen summers, but of a vigorous frame, and animated by a daring and adventurous spirit. He had no relatives whatever among the emigrants, but avowed himself to be an orphan who, uncertain of a suitable career in his native country, had determined to seek his fortunes in that distant clime to which thousands of adventurers were flocking, and which promised to their ardent imaginations a realization of all the dreams that Eastern romance had pictured in the remote countries of the farthest Ind.

Gabriel St. Elmo had not perished, as was thought by the captive survivors of the hapless vessel's living freight. At the terrible crisis when, amid the roar of breakers, he had felt the light skiff dashed upon sharp rocks, and despairingly released his hold of her slender sides, the youth indeed gave himself up for lost, and, murmuring a short prayer, closed his eyes to the dread scene around him. But Providence had not designed that this orphan should share the fate of many linked to life by all the ties of relationship.—Scarcely had he sunk into a sort of delirium, caused by the rapid whirl by which the waves had snatched him away from the skiff, than his senses were recalled to activity by rude bruises received from the jagged reef against which he was dashed. At the same time a ringing sensation in his head, and the blinding pain occasioned by the sharp spray which darted in his face, made him struggle violently to escape from the breakers. In the effort to do this, he found himself in deep water, and at the same instant, came in contact with one of the ship's spars, which he grasped with a desperate clutch.

Awful was the spectacle revealed to the gaze of Gabriel St. Elmo during the brief seconds that he drifted in sight of the shivered wreck! A prolonged shriek, as of mortal agony and fear, rose around him from the voices of drowning men, women and children; but above this shriek his sharpened senses could distinguish the triumphal yell of the savages on shore, exulting over their anticipated victims. A broad flash of lightning occasionally disclosed to his horror-stricken eyes the wild features of some dying wretch, sinking for the last time beneath the boiling surge, or the mangled corpse of one beaten to death upon the reef. But these lamentable sights speedily vanished, for the waves, careering like wild steeds, whirled the spar to which the youth clung, far away from the place of shipwreck, and dashing it hither and thither, at last flung one end over a shelving sand bank, where it remained fast, while the other extremity swayed to and fro upon the waters. St. Elmo crawled landward, till he reached a hard shore of sand, and beyond a high bank. This he ascended, and feeling secure from the ocean, fell exhausted on the wet grass, where he remained for hours insensible, drenched by the heavy rain.

When the young man awoke, the sun was flooding all the sea with radiance, and he discovered that the place where he had been cast was a small island at a distance, but still within view of the headlands and line of reefs on which the emigrant ship had stranded. Far away eastward extended the ocean, far as his vision could scan, and landward only immense forests were to be seen. He looked in vain for any portion of the wreck upon the point where it had broken up. Not a fragment was visible, save the spar on which he had himself escaped.

It was not long, however, before St. Elmo, from a sheltered position on the island, could discern signs of life upon the opposite shore. Smoke curled above the tree-tops, and presently the figures of Indians could be descried, going back and forth from the woods to the sandy beach. The savages were at too great a distance for their voices to be audible, but the young Frenchman knew very well that they were employed in collecting from the shore whatever articles belonging to the ship had been cast there by the waves. Occasionally a group of the natives would clasp hands and dance about in a circle, as if rejoicing over some new prize, and then they would disperse, or disappear in the woods. St. Elmo ventured not beyond the covert of woods which grew nearly to the island shore, lest the vision of the savages, keen as his own, might spy out a new victim for their cruelty.

At last, however, the youth began to realize very sensibly the important fact that he had tasted no food since the previous noon, and he immediately cast about him to discover wherewith to ease his stomach's cravings. He penetrated the woody recesses of the island, beating around in the bushes, and searching eagerly for berries or fruit, but the place appeared barren as a desert. He ascertained, however, to his satisfaction, that the island was totally uninhabited, and had apparently never been entered before by a human being. Many birds hopped in the branches over his head, and some flew so nearly to his feet, that he might have struck them with a stick, but St. Elmo contented himself with devouring a few eggs of which he rifled a nest, and a root or two of palatable flavor which he dug from the earth. Somewhat satisfied with this scanty provender, he returned to the beach in time to behold, with astonishment, a fleet of canoes, containing hundreds of Indians, crossing the water that intervened between the island and the mainland.

St. Elmo's first impression was that his retreat had been discovered, and that the savages were in pursuit of him; and for a few moments he gave himself up to despondency, for he had neither weapon of defence—if, indeed, defence were available against so formidable a host—nor any mode of escaping from the insulated patch of woods, in which concealment would be impossible. But a little reflection assured the young man that the Indians could have no suspicion of his presence in this place, and that, even should they discover the spar, he might himself remain hidden in the intricate thickets of the island wilderness. One apprehension, indeed, troubled him; that the savages might tow away the spar, in which case he would be left without any means of leaving the isle; but even this reflection was succeeded by the thought, as his quick eye measured the distance to the other shore, that in the last extremity, he could reach the mainland by swimming. So St. Elmo, with the buoyancy of his temperament and country, watched the fleet of canoes as they advanced, resolved, should they discover the spar, and be tempted to land, that he would make at once for the centre of the island, and keeping close in the bushes, await whatever fate might be in store for him.

But, as it soon became evident, the young adventurer had little cause for disquiet on account of the canoes. The squadron approached only to a certain distance from the main shore, and then, following the leading vessel, in which sat a plumed Indian grasping a great club, turned to the left, and passed the island in an extended line, shaping its course for another promontory far to the southern inmost point of the coast. St. Elmo felt relieved of his fears, but the sight he beheld in the canoes as they glided across the bright water filled his mind with sad convictions regarding the fate that had befallen his late companions. He saw in every canoe, as it passed, that one or more of the savage occupants held aloft a hooped pole on which dangled human scalps, the long curls of women, the short locks of men, and the flowing ringlets of children, all ensanguined with blood; ghastly trophies of savage triumph. Sick at heart, St. Elmo turned his eyes away, till the last canoe had disappeared, and then, sitting down upon the shore, he buried his face in his hands, and wept long and bitterly, murmuring, over and anon—

"And thou, too, beautiful Marie! thou hast fallen a victim to these heathen savages! Why, oh, why was I spared, unhappy that I am?"

But the violence of the youth's emotion exhausted itself at length, and rising from his despondent attitude, he saw that the sun had nearly reached its meridian, and was pouring its burning rays upon the heated sands. The spar which had been the means of his rescue from the wreck, was now nearly loosened from the bank where it had lodged, and St. Elmo saw that the action of the waves would soon set it free entirely. On discovering this, he first essayed to draw the beam further on the sands, but its weight resisted his strength, and he saw that his only method of preserving the timber would be to await its complete detachment from the bank, and then to tow it to another part of the shore, where it could be more easily secured from drifting.

"But why should I remain here myself?" he soliloquized at this point of his observations. "This island affords no means of sustaining life, and one may as well be eaten by savages, as to have nothing to eat himself. By my faith! I think I will make at once for the other shore, which the red villains have left. At any rate, there is no good to be gained by passing a night more or less with nothing to fill the stomach—as is very plain will be the case—on that desolate island. So, my good piece of a ship, I will e'en take command o' thee once more." So saying, and mastering all his spirits, so lately depressed, the young adventurer dug a few roots and stored them in his pockets, climbed a tree, and rifled a nest or two of eggs, and then, watching his spar till it had become free from the sand bank, sprang astride of its thickest part, and with the branch of a tree which he had provided, began to steer boldly from the island to the opposing shore.

Whether the great whales that in those remote days disported themselves in the water of Massachusetts Bay, took note of the new Amphytrion who had invaded their domain—or whether the great shoals of cod, from which the neighboring cape afterwards got its name, were frightened at the strange object which overrode their briny home—the veracious chronicler of this narrative of old time navigation needs not to consider. Neither is it important that the headland on which St. Elmo at length landed, be distinctly named in these pages—whether it were Point Care or Pucker's Terror, Malleaux Reef or Frenchman's Point. Suffice it, that in good time the young man drew his good spar safely to the mainland, and then kneeled down, as of right he should, and thanked the kind Providence which had thus far protected him. This done, he looked about his new locality, not alone for wherewithal to eat, but for a resting-place through the night; as his voyage from the island had consumed the greater part of the day, and the sun was now entirely sunk behind the forest trees.

St. Elmo was brave, and trifles were not calculated to dishearten or oppose him; but he knew not the horrors which were to greet his eyes on the morrow, or he would scarcely have slumbered so profoundly during the hours of night, while the brilliant moonlight descended on shore and sea, clothing with gay smiles the forest and water which the night before had been black with tempest.

At the first dawn the young man sprang from his couch of leaves, and traversing the beach, behind the dreadful reef and the rough headland where the ship had met her doom, reached that portion of the shore where on the night of the catastrophe, the savages had kindled their war-fires and danced in ferocious expectation of their enemies' destruction. Here the horrors to which we alluded, were awaiting his sight; and appalling indeed were they to the young adventurer. The bodies of his late shipmates and companions among the emigrants, were lying cold and rigid in the grey dawning, their naked flesh mangled by the rocks or the weapons of savages, their scalpless heads half buried in the sands. All had been massacred who escaped alive from the wreck; strong men and feeble women and babes, had all fallen beneath the rancour of savage torture. Gabriel St. Elmo looked but a moment upon the fearful scene; the spectacle was too harrowing to his soul, and with a mingling prayer for the murdered, and a curse upon their cruel enemies, he hurried away from the spot.

Various traces of the wrecked ship met the youth's eyes, as he wandered along the beach; fragments of her heavy timbers, spars and clumps of cordage strewed the sands; and St. Elmo knew that much of her cargo and armament must have been cast ashore and fallen into the hands of the savages. Much to his satisfaction, however, as he looked curiously into the shoal water near the reef, he discovered a stout steel headed pike, such as were used in hand-to-hand sea combats, and wading into the surf, he hastily possessed himself of the weapon, congratulating himself that he was now less defenceless than before. He judged it well, however, to remain not long in the vicinity of the wreck, as the quantity of articles belonging to the ship, bolts of iron, casks, and heavy chains and ropes, that had been washed up by the waves, constituted a store of treasures for Indian cupidity, which the youth doubted not would speedily induce another visit from the savage band whom he had seen departing in their canoes.

St. Elmo therefore prudently contented himself with the pike which he had found, and such sharp nails of copper and iron as he could readily detach from the fragments of timber, and which he deemed might be of future service as arrow heads, in case of his being forced to dwell for a length of time in the wilderness; and then casting a last look at the ocean, struck into the forest, turning his back to the rising sun, and directing his course westward, toward the region where, as he had been told, was a new settlement of Hollanders at the mouth of the great river of Hudson.

Where, indeed, was the Hudson itself was a problem not soluble by the young Frenchman's geographical attainments; and indeed the wisest minds of his time might have been puzzled to describe its surroundings, inasmuch as but few mariners had ever penetrated beyond its mouth; but St. Elmo had left his native land for adventure's sake, as well as to seek his fortune, and it was enough for him to be satisfied that the Dutch colony was near the Hudson, and that the Hudson lay to the west from the Cape of Cod, to present to his hopes the certainty of ultimately reaching it. What to him, the youth with a brave heart and strong limbs, whether he traversed a wilderness of America or the forests of his own France? In his hand was a good weapon, for bear, or wolf, or savage man, and he doubted not that store of food could be found on his journey. So, therefore, Gabriel St. Elmo went sturdily forward.

But not alone intent on reaching the Dutch settlements was our adventurous youth. He had a love for the beautiful in his inmost soul, and, withal, a mingling of southern indolence in his nature, so that, when the bright sun rose over the plains and hill-sides, and the soft air greeted him deliciously among the leafy forest aisles, when a thousand birds sung tenderly from the lofty trees above, and the wild rabbit darted across his path, when the gurgling of sylvan waters fell dreamily on his ear, it is no wonder that St. Elmo should cast himself at length in the shadow of some great oak or sycamore, and there muse hour by hour on his past life, and fancy what destiny the future might weave for him. Thus it passed that the youth made not much progress towards the Hollanders' settlement, and truly, indeed, he resolved to cast aside entirely the garb of civilization, and, straying himself in skins and bark, to lead henceforth the life of a free wanderer in the realms of nature. "There be younger gallants than myself," he would cry, "who doff soldier's casque and courtier's bonnet, to shut themselves up for aye in a monk's cell for love of Heaven. By my faith! I doubt, if Heaven be not better secured here in the wilderness, where one is as free from sin as in an anchorite's abode! What monk will have led more spotless life than Gabriel St. Elmo, as he grow gray in an American forest?" Thus jested St. Elmo to himself, as he lay in the midday hours, dreaming by some streamlet's verge; but anon the ghastly sight which he had beheld upon the sea shore, and the recollection of the demoniac triumph of the savages, obtruded upon his mind, and satisfied him that the beauty and holiness of nature were no guaranty that man could be free from sin because he dwelt amid their influences. The untutored red men that he had beheld were true children of the wild, but, alas! better to be Turk or Paynim than the bloodthirsty savage of an American forest.

CHAPTER IX.

THE CREOLE'S TREACHERY.

Robin Ball followed with his eyes the retreating form of Captain Pierre, until the latter had disappeared, and then, uttering an oath instead of a prayer, the rough seaman flung his arm beneath his head, and rolled over to an unquiet slumber, wherein dreams of shipwrecks, combats, quarrels, and perhaps darker experiences of his past life mingled their dim shades with threatening visions of the future.

Captain Pierre, after reaching the boat, in which watched a couple of the crew, conversed with the two men for some time, with quite as much earnestness, apparently, as had marked his previous colloquy with Rob Ball. He then left the boat, and moving noiselessly among the slumbering men, awakened two others from their drowsiness, and with them held another conversation. Altogether, it seemed that Captain Pierre was in no mood for sleep himself, or he would have scarcely have taken so much trouble to find listeners to what he had to say.

In truth, however, the Creole had another object in view than to keep awake or hear the sound of his own tongue. He had resolved on a little piece of villany, and required assistance in its perpetration, and for this purpose had prepared the two men in the boat, and their comrades whom he had awakened—all four staunch followers of their captain, and ready at any time to do his bidding—to await his signal for the commencement of the business in hand.

This business related most immediately to the dreaming sailor, Robin Ball, who, all unconscious of any plot against his person, lay tossing his arms about in broken slumber, and grumbling, ever and anon, some half-audible oath, as the phantoms of memory crowded through his brain.

The obstinate refusal of Robin to enter into Captain Pierre's plans regarding a speculation in red flesh, had not a little interfered with the latter's usual equanimity; and foreseeing that the Englishman's influence with a portion of the boat's crew might go far to balk his own intentions, he came to the conclusion that there was no other course left for him but to destroy that influence as speedily as possible; and to his loveless apprehension, the most certain method of effecting this end, was to destroy, or render powerless the revolting Ball himself. It was with this view that the Creole had conversed with his favorite followers, who had already been made acquainted with his plot for kidnapping the Indians; and now nought remained but to put into execution his design concerning the sailor.

Captain Pierre did not contemplate the killing outright of his quondam associate, for the good rover was an economist in crime, and did not relish a resort to direct violence, when his schemes could be carried out without its employment; moreover, he knew that an assault upon Robin Ball, at the camping-place, or in the boat, would be met by a determined defence, both by the Englishman and his friends. He devised, therefore, another mode of ridding himself of the obnoxious seaman, which would be quite as efficacious as downright murder. This was, to seize him in his sleep, and after mulling and binding him, so that he could make neither alarm nor resistance, to convey him quietly to the interior of the forest, and there leave him helpless, a prey to wild beasts, savages, or the slow tortures of starvation.

This was a refinement of cruelty quite worthy of Captain Pierre, and he chuckled not a little over the anticipation of so easily disposing of his enemy; for, in spite of his apparent calmness under Rob Ball's insolence, the Creole cherished the most bitter remembrance of all the latter's taunts. He waited, therefore, impatiently for those of the crew who were nearest to Robin, to become, like him, wrapped in deep slumber, in order that he might give the signal to his instruments.

The opportunity was not long delayed, for weariness weighed down the limbs and senses of all the crew, save those who watched—the two who occupied the pinnace, and their comrades in the plot. Taking advantage, therefore, of a moment when a mass of clouds was crossing the moon's disk, casting wood and river in shadow, Captain Pierre silently motioned his followers to proceed to their work; and before Robin Ball's severed dreams were broken, as his eyes opened upon his assailants, the treacherous fellows had gagged his mouth, and cast over his head a thick sailor's jacket, completely precluding speech or vision, whilst they quickly bound hand and foot of the poor sailor, and dragged him noiselessly away from the bank, and through the covert of the brush, into the recesses of the forest. The job was executed with such despatch, and was, withal, so entirely successful, that Captain Pierre was surprised as well as delighted. Not a struggle of Robin Ball revealed his peril to any of his neighbors, who slumbered soundly in the positions which they had chosen, without a suspicion of what was transpiring so near them. The Creole rubbed his hands with satisfaction, as he beheld his dexterous accomplices returning stealthily to the boat, where he had remained during the process of seizure.

"You have disposed of him, my brave fellows?" he cried eagerly, as the villains neared him.

"He'll trouble us no more, I warrant," answered one of the men—a short, low-browed Spaniard. "By St. Dominick, captain, the good Robin was as quiet as a babe. Never before lay he so peacefully."

"He is secure, think you, and will not be able to free himself?"

"Not if he were ten times as strong, the good bull dog! We bound him to a tree, with the ropes, captain, and by the mass! there will he stay till judgment-day—or I'm no sinner."

The ruffian gave vent to a chuckling laugh, as he uttered this speech, but Captain Pierre put his hand to his mouth.

"Be silent, friend, for Robin Ball has his lovers among our crew. And now, I'll e'en take his place, for an hour's nap, worthy Lopez," added he, to the Spaniard. "Keep you watch, and let the night's work be secret as the grave. Surely, I'll remember this brave service, comrades."

With these words, the Creole turned away from the boat, and proceeded to the spot lately occupied by the betrayed sailor, where he cast himself, apparently to sleep. But no rest visited Captain Pierre, for his midnight wickedness had failed to give his apprehensions ease. He reflected that, though Robin Ball was out of the camping-place, and exposed to perish in a lonely and desolate situation; still, the tough sailor might extricate himself by some means, and pursue the boat, in which case the treachery would be exposed, and an unpleasant settlement demanded by Robin's friends. Revolving such thoughts in his busy brain, he resolved at length to make sure, if possible, of his enemy's harmlessness in the future; and so, cautiously leaving his couch, he stole back to the boat, and whispered a word to the Spaniard, Lopez, who thereupon roused himself again, and without alarming his comrades, led the way out of the camp, penetrating the bushes through which Robin Ball had been so quietly conveyed. The Creole followed, amid the lonesome shadows of the forest, until they reached a wild nook, near where a rapid stream dashed from a great chasm in a wall of rocks. On the edge of this chasm grew a large buttonwood tree, and to this poor Ball had been securely fastened. His person was completely hid from view by underbrush that sprouted from the rocks, and thus was he left to all the horrors of a lingering death. The spot was but a few hundred rods from the shore where the boat was drawn up, but it was, nevertheless, so hidden in by shelves of rocks, and concealed with tangled evergreen, that no better tomb could have been selected in which to immure a living man. Captain Pierre seemed to think so, as he looked at the pinioned body of his late follower, for he gave a grunt of satisfaction, and advanced toward the buttonwood.

"Ho! Robin Ball? we are quits now, I fancy. You will keep a civil tongue in your head for the future, good friend."

Robin Ball's sinewy frame swelled as if it would burst the strong cords which fastened him to the tree, while a stifled groan came from his gagged mouth, which was covered with his own jacket, tied tightly about his head.

"By St. Dominick! it is, after all, no Christian thing, to leave the poor devil thus," muttered the Spaniard, but the Creole only laughed, sneeringly.

"He will do well enough, Lopez. Nevertheless, I harbor no malice, and would give him *quietus* with my dagger's point, had I not a horror of bloodshed."

"It were better to kill outright than to leave to wild beasts or famine," suggested the Spaniard.

"Say you so, comrade. 'Beshrew me, then, but your poniard may as well end the poor fellow's troubles!'" said Captain Pierre, shrugging his shoulders; "strike sure, Lopez, and wipe off old scores for yourself and me, an it like you."

Thus spoke the Creole, with a savage smile on his dark lips, and his vindictive glance resting on his accomplice with the cold glitter of a serpent's eye. But the words had scarcely been pronounced, when a quick rustle was heard near them, and suddenly the pinioned form of Robin Ball sprang from the tree, and fell full against the body of the speaker. At the same instant, a shrill whoop was heard, and a wild-looking figure bounded from behind the buttonwood, and levelled the gleaming point of a spear against Captain Pierre's bosom.

The Spaniard, Lopez, uttered a shriek, and rushed towards the camp, fully impressed with the belief that a legion of savages were in pursuit of him. The Creole, likewise, as soon as he could gather strength, turned and fled, crying, at the top of his voice—

"Indians! Indians!"

Robin Ball, the while, lay prone upon the ground, where he had pitched headlong, for though released from the tree, his hands were still fastened behind his back, his mouth gagged, and his head muffled.

The sleeping boat's crew, aroused suddenly by the shrieks of Lopez, sprang at once for the pinnace, which they cast off immediately, and in the space of five minutes Captain Pierre, the Spaniard, and their comrades, were all embarked and paddling off, at a hundred yards distance from the shore, upon which they momentarily expected to see dart up a thousand screeching savages, threatening pursuit and destruction of their small vessel.

But all remained in silence. Neither warwhoop was sounded, nor torchlight lit up the dark forest-arches.

Captain Pierre and Lopez looked at one another with quivering lips, wondering what mysterious power had interposed to shield their late victim.

"It is the cunning of the red demons!" at length cried the Creole. "They think to allure us back to shore, by keeping their screeching voices quiet. Row, men, and let us be clear of the dogs."

"Saw you Indians, surely?" cried a sailor, as he bent to the oar.

"By the bones of St. Dominic, a legion!" cried Lopez, in response. "Did not the lance of a red villain scathe our captain here?" and the Spaniard appealed to Captain Pierre to confirm his declaration.

"That the heathen's lance was at my heart, I am ready to be sworn," answered the Creole; "but no scathe came, I wot, for my heels were nimble as your own, good Lopez."

"Ho!" here cried one of the crew, "where is Rob Ball?"

And "Rob Ball," "Where is bold Robin?" echoed from one to another of the men, their bronzed faces growing pale, as they leaned upon their oars.

"Let us go back," cried the Creole, with well-counterfeited sympathy. "But, alas!" he added "what boots our array against a forest full of foes?"

"Ay, what, indeed?" cried Lopez, coming to the relief of his leader; "lucky for us that our throats were not all cut, as we slept, comrades."

Captain Pierre sighed heavily, as did likewise the Spaniard, and the three other villians who had kidnapped poor Rob Ball. Then, moodily looking at one another, the oarsmen resumed their task, and urged the pinnace into the middle of the bay.

Meantime, Robin Ball, after falling heavily upon the soft earth, at the foot of the buttonwood tree to which he had been tied, and lying for the space of a minute or two in imminent danger of being smothered outright, inasmuch as his muffled face was flat upon the ground, and he had no power to move from his position—began presently to feel that a pair of hands were at work in the effort to release him from his bonds; and it was not long, therefore, before his eyes were once more permitted to look upon the moonlight, and his tongue, long gagged and choked, was able to shape itself utterance.

"Mass! but it was a scurvy trick!" muttered the seaman, as he cast off the rough garment that had enveloped his head, and shaking himself like a water dog, looked about him wonderingly. "Where ran the villains?" the kidnapping Pierre, and his bandog Spaniard? and who are you, my fine fellow, and what do ye here?"

These rapid interrogations were addressed to an individual who stood at a little distance from the Englishman, leaning on a spear, which was stuck into the springy turf, and whose appearance was sufficiently singular to warrant description.

His head was covered with a cap, around which was bound a thick garland of green leaves and wild flowers, among which were several long-stemmed water-lilies, whose white cups depended like ringlets on his shoulders. A collar or baldric of evergreen hung from his neck, and to this was attached a brace of wild fowl, while within its woven links were secured several arrows and a bow of ash. This sylvan personage stood a moment in silence, apparently surveying the sailor, and then, in the language of the French, which Robin well understood, remarked—

"I am, what I am, Robin Ball."

The Englishman started back in amazement at hearing his own name pronounced.

"Are you a Christian man or salvage Indian, or Sathanas himself?" ejaculated he.

"Rob Ball! where's your manners to forget an old friend?" exclaimed the other, and pulling off the garland and lilies that shaded his face, he revealed in the moonbeam, slanting through the branches above them, the features of a youth who had been a favorite with the sailor on board the emigrant ship.

"Gabriel St. Elmo!"

"At your service, Robin Ball!" answered the youth, gayly, as he shook the hand of his English friend. "And ye may well thank Heaven that Gabriel St. Elmo was near you to-night, for small chance of life had ye, I wot, good comrade."

"Faith an' ye work to such good purpose, my young friend, I'll not quarrel with your likings; but what Satan's rig is this that ye have donned, Monsieur St. Elmo, if I may make bold to ask?"

"Let us first know the quarrel which brought ye to this bout, Robin Ball! Hither I came in time to behold a Christian man tied like a malefactor to a tree, by three piratical comrades, and then his life threatened by steel in the hands of two more."

And St. Elmo proceeded to acquaint Robin Ball with the manner in which he had effected his release; how, after journeying all day through the forest, he had made his couch for the night near the streamlet that gushed by the buttonwood, and had there been aroused by the approach of three of the late ship's crew, dragging the pinioned figure of a fourth, whom they fastened to a tree, and then left; how he had waited anxiously for a long while, fearful to discover himself to the deserted man, until at length Captain Pierre and Lopez presented themselves; and how, hearing then the Creole's proposition to murder the defenceless sailor, he crept nearer to the buttonwood, and, with his sharp pike, severed the cords which confined Rob Ball to the tree, at the same time springing boldly upon the captain with a yell like the whoop of a savage.

Robin Ball listened to his young preserver's recital, and warmly grasped his hand in gratitude, whilst with loud execrations he vented his rage against the treacherous Creole leader.

"And now," he cried, at last, "stand by me, Monsieur St. Elmo, and if we turn not the tables on this caitiff Pierre, my name's not Robin Ball. Come away, and ye shall see me unmask the villain, and, if he refuse me fair combat like a brave man, by the mass! but ye shall see his foul throat black under my fingers! Come away, my young friend, and remember that ye have gained Robin Ball's good will, as long as he has life to show it."

So saying, the sailor led the way in the direction in which he judged the men to be, and in a few moments the two stood upon the bank where lately the boat was drawn up. No boat was there now, and no trace of the ship's crew. But, as Rob Ball directed his gaze across the water, he could see far away, a dark object upon the surface, and catch a plash like that of oars. The Creole had escaped, and Robin Ball was abandoned.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ELECTRIZING A HOWLING DERVISH.

An English physician, for some time a resident of Pera, near Constantinople, relates in his journal how he one day astonished one of those queer religious fanatics, half priest, half doctor, and always beggars, known as howling dervishes:

A young slave belonging to the house where for a while we were invited to sojourn, was afflicted with yellanjik (toothache.) Immediately, on her desire being made known, a messenger was despatched for a dervish whom she named, and who was rather eminent in the cures he effected. The family, except one aged relative upon whom this slave attended, were staying at their country residence. Fitnet Hannum, the slave, was led into the presence of the dervish. He might once have been a handsome man, but now his countenance had taken that sickly and distorted expression which often follows their dreadful ceremonies; and with his thick, bristling mustache and his long matted beard, it gave him by no means a prepossessing appearance.

I was that morning amusing myself with an electrical apparatus; and after he had operated upon Fitnet, he passed me as I stood in the piazza making experiments, which piazza was nearest his way from the garden from her room. He surveyed the jars for a few moments with intense curiosity, and then departing to a short distance, slowly drew forth a small brass ladle, and murmured: "Buckshish! Buckshish!" (Money! Money!)

He made a gesture, intimating that to give alms to his order was the usual thing.

"No; I cannot think of giving you buckshish. You are young and strong; you can work at your trade."

"I do work—hard work."

"For whom?"

"Allah."

"But your work is profitless to both Him and yourself. I shall not encourage it. It is spoken!" pursued I, with the usual Osmanli expression of decision.

I was in the midst of an interesting experiment, and I turned to my apparatus. The dervish quietly seated himself upon the ground, doubled up his feet beneath him, still presented his brass dish, and there he sat motionless as an image carved in marble. Thus things went on for the next half hour. But I was determined not to be wearied into giving him buckshish, and his imperturbable staring had become unpleasant.

"Just bid him go about his business," said I to the dragoman.

"He did so; but the dervish intimated that he should not retire without the money.

"If you do not go voluntarily, I shall be under the disagreeable necessity of compelling you," said I.

The dervish merely gave a complacent chuckle, which said that he defied me to get rid of him.

"Very good," replied I. "Now mind, if I do what you will not like, it is not my fault."

I had a large coil-machine on the table before me, which, as those acquainted with such apparatus know, tortures the nerves beyond the power of the strongest man to endure voluntarily more than a few seconds. I laid hold of his dish with the conductor, and, by way of a sample, gave him a moderate dose from a smaller battery. He laughed, derisively, saying,

"Allah el il Allah!" (God is God)

"Then here goes!" pursued I, putting the magnet into the coil, whilst the attendants crowded round to see the effect. It was instantaneous. He rolled over upon the ground with a yell-like "Allah-hou!" The arms quivered in their sockets; the dish, which now he would fain have let go if he could, dashed about in his convulsed hands like a rocket; the countenance was distorted with pain and rage. In a few moments, feeling satisfied that he had had enough, I released him from the coil. He rose, and nearly upsetting the dragoman in his flight, leaped down the steps into the garden. There, being at what he considered a safe distance, he turned, and a more liberal allowance of curses never fell to the lot of any man than those which he bestowed on me. He prayed, his face livid with passion, to Allah that I and my stock might be withered up root and branch; that I might be, ere twenty-four hours elapsed, smitten and covered with boils and ulcers! Now he turned his attentions to the women in my family. These he cursed from my great-grandmother to my great-granddaughter; and finally he wound up with a fervent prayer that my wife might prove anything but faithful or fruitful; or that, if the latter petition failed, my issue might be the bitterest curse that ever fell to the lot of a father. Since then, I have often had a hearty smile at the discomfiture of the yellanjik doctor.

BEAUTIFUL BEHAVIOR.—"Manners" is the subject of a passage in the American Journal of Education, in which Dr. Huntington, the author of the same, says some admirable things. Mark them, parents and teachers:

"A noble and attractive every-day bearing comes of goodness, of sincerity, of refinement. And these are bred in years, not moments. *The principle that rules your life is the sure posture-maker!* Sir Phillip Sidney was the pattern to all England of a perfect gentleman; but then he was the hero that on the field of Zutphen pushed away the cup of cold water from his own fevered and parching lips, and held it out to the dying soldier at his side! If lofty sentiments habitually make their home in the heart, they will beget, not perhaps a factitious and finical drawing-room etiquette, but the breeding of a genuine and more royal gentility, to which no simple, no young heart will refuse its homage. *Children are not educated till they catch the charm that makes a gentleman or a lady!* A coarse and slovenly teacher, a vulgar and boorish presence, munching apples or chestnuts at recitations like a squirrel, pocketing his hand like a mummy, projecting his heels nearer the firmament than his skull, like a circus clown, and dispensing American saliva like a member of Congress, inflicts a wrong on the school-room for which no scientific attainments are an offset. An educator that despises the resources hid in his personal carriage deserves, on the principle of Swedenborg's retributions, *similia similibus*, or, 'like deserves like,' to be passed through a pandemonium of Congressional bullying."

WAS ENGLAND ONCE A PART OF THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE?—Geologists refer the separation of England from France to physical features. Sir H. Delabeche contends that it has not been a violent movement, but one of a long period of time; breakers must have been chiefly instrumental in removing the materials which once filled up the channel. Dr. Buckland doubts whether the separation of the Straits of Dover has taken place within the historic period; and Sir Charles Lyell considers it not historically, but indefinitely remote.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1856.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HOPE-GRAVES sends some comments upon our reply to his article, but we do not think they embody matter sufficiently new to warrant any further discussion of the principles of the "Friends." Every investigation has its natural limit, beyond which, if the inquiry be prolonged, it wearies the reader.

"Little Bell" and "Floyd"—respectfully declined.

NEW TYPE.—We come out this week in a suit of new type. Although we got new type (copper-faced at that,) only about six months ago, the large number of copies printed weekly has made sad havoc with it. Of course, however, we would not complain, if we were forced, from this reason, to get new type every three months.

The present type is an experiment. It is smaller than the old, and takes in about six columns more weekly. We are a little in doubt however as to whether it will suit as a permanent thing.

A SHAMEFUL OUTRAGE.

We should be recreant to our duty, not only as faithful journalists, but as good citizens, were we to refrain from stamping with the seal of shame the recent attempted assassination of Senator Sumner, of Massachusetts, by Preston S. Brooks, a member of the House of Representatives from South Carolina. Unless nine out of ten of the reports of the occurrence are false, the assault in question was made in the most dastardly manner, and with the premeditated intention of silencing forever an enemy whose brilliant intellect and eloquent tongue made him an object of peculiar hatred and fear. Club law, from the time of Cain, has been the ready means of answering a troublesome opponent; and never has it been exerted in a more unscrupulous and dishonorable manner since the first murderer smote his brother also upon the forehead.

In order that our readers may know exactly what provocation the eloquent Senator from Massachusetts had given, we quote at more length than usual from the proceedings of Congress. And it must be remembered, in simple justice to him, that his personalities were in answer to personalities. Those who are conversant with the records of the speeches in the Senate during the last four or five years, know that no scoff has been considered too severe and opprobrious to fling at Mr. Sumner and his Free Soil colleagues. And it is not to be wondered at, that even a gentle and scholarly nature should at length be roused into fierce passion and recrimination. If those recriminations were offensive, the Senators who were aggrieved by them were the natural guardians of their own and their people's honor. To them Mr. Sumner was answerable—and could have no reason even to apprehend personal violence from others.

The Constitution of the United States provides relative to Senators and Representatives, that "for any speech or debate in either House, they shall not be questioned in any other place." It also provides that "each House may punish its members for disorderly behaviour, and, with the concurrence of two-thirds, expel a member."

It is very evident that, by the first of the above clauses, it was designed to prevent the representatives of the States and of the people, from being called to account, or punished in any manner, for their speeches and votes. And without some provision of this character, and that a living and not a mere dead provision, neither freedom of debate nor of action can be preserved. If a Senator may be assassinated for words spoken in the Senate Chamber, then may the decisions of Congress—especially when parties are nearly balanced—be determined by a greater or less number of murders. And thus the man who attempts to kill a Senator, not only seeks to injure the individual himself, but aims a blow at the rights of the sovereign State he represents, and at the integrity of the legislative body to which he belongs.

The crime of Parricide was not provided against in the laws of Rome, and the Constitution of the United States does not provide against assaults upon members in the very hall of legislation itself. The possibility of such a thing probably never entered the minds of our revolutionary sires. But we have fallen upon evil days. Washington and Jefferson and Madison and Patrick Henry have no equals—worse, even few imitators—among their descendants. This is the generation of selfish thoughts and vulgar aspirations. Men do not hesitate to do mean and dishonorable actions, but will cut with their knives and stab you if you even hint that they could be guilty of such things. The honor is made to consist, not in the scrupulous avoidance of what is base, but in the determination to repress all calling of such actions by their proper names. The Bowie-knife is the true type of such bastard chivalry. Even the proverbially treacherous Italian of past ages, could not use a club or a stiletto upon his enemy more remorselessly or adroitly or savagely than a large portion of the men of this generation. Assassinations, in many States, are committed with impunity—and in few places with more impunity than at the seat of the Federal Government. While all the rest of the civilized world is making advances towards a more strict observance of peaceful law, we are going backwards annually towards the lawless revenges of the Italians, Highlanders and Spaniards of old time, with frightfully accelerating velocity.

This case of Mr. Sumner's is the first instance in the history of our government, in which a Senator has been felled to the ground by an intruder, in the very Senate Chamber itself. If the dignity and privileges of the Senate be not now fully vindicated, it will probably not be the last instance of the kind. For, after this, if Brooks be not adequately punished, no Senator possessing good sense will fail to go into that Senate Chamber fully armed; prepared to maintain the rights of himself and his State to a free hearing, at any cost.

And yet we have very little idea that any action will be taken by either House, commensurate with the importance of the occasion. The vote upon the appointment of a committee almost proves that the requisite two-thirds of the members of the House of Representatives cannot be obtained for the expulsion of the perpetrator of so gross an outrage. Other punishment, which the majority have an undoubted right to inflict, probably will be dispensed with—save perhaps a mere reprimand from the lips of the Speaker, which, to a man capable of such a ruffianly attack, amounts to nothing. And as to the Senate, it will probably hand the vindication of its own outraged privileges over to the House and to the tribunals of so-called Justice.

Of course we *hope*, as in duty bound, for action more worthy of the enormity of the offence—and, if such is taken, no one will record it with more satisfaction than ourselves. Perhaps the consideration that such action alone can prevent the future general carrying of arms into the halls of Congress, may lead to more stringent decisions than the results of the past have led the country to expect.

THE GARDEN IN MAY.

Beautiful May! sweet with the welcome green of fresh young leaves, the fragrance of blossoming orchards, the tender bloom of vernal flowers, the love-songs of happy birds, most worthy art thou of the queenly crown with which poets have wreathed thee! What though thy reign of delight be chequered with bleak, north-eastern storms chilling us into thoughts of winter, all the more enchanting are the radiant smiles that follow. The matron June, fulfilling all promises of beauty, may win the verdict of your sober judgment, but it is the maiden May with the glory of youth about her as a magic cestus, charming by what she holds in reserve as much as by what she gives, it is the maiden May that witches the heart from out your breast. When the sun shines out after the rain you can almost see the trees leaf out and the blossoms expand—no doubt you do *feel* them grow—

> "We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
> How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
> We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
> That skies are clear and grass is growing;
> The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
> That dandelions are blossoming near,
> That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
> That the river is bluer than the sky,
> That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
> And if the breeze kept the good news back,
> For other couriers we should not lack;
> We could guess it all by you heifer's lowing,—
> And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
> Warmed with the new wine of the year,
> Tells all in his lusty crowing!"

What can exceed the luxury of a May morning stroll through the garden! The trees alone, in their fresh spring green, are a study of infinitely varied forms and shades. The wavy grace of the willow, the majesty of the pine, the broad luxuriance of the horse-chestnut in flower, the pleasing simplicity of the maple, how different yet how perfect each of its kind. The stately firs have their new growth of soft, feathery tassels, the poplar leaves flutter on their slender footstalks with every breath of air, the larch, with its pure-green tufted foliage, so delicate, so shadowy, and branchlets drooping to the earth beneath, is a vision of grace and beauty that arrests our steps as we would pass it by. The garden lyrics into which Chaucer and Spenser and Thomson have breathed the very breath of May, come floating through our brain, and we can realize the dreamy delight it must have been to these poets of the olden day to wander through the

> "Parks with oak and chestnut shady—
> Parks and ordered gardens great—
> Ancient homes of lord and lady,
> Built for pleasure and for state."

How they revelled in the privilege accorded them—how clearly every varying phase of nature's beauty revealed itself to their anointed eyes, the enduring treasures of rural poetry they have bequeathed us, bear testimony. No doubt they enjoyed, through their larger appreciation, a truer ownership of those choice spots of earth than their lordly proprietors. In our day, the *sons of genius* share more substantially in the good things of the world. Fame and gold come hand in hand. The attic and the crust, and the threadbare coat, have ceased to be the allotted portion of the poet. Whether he can write better poetry in riches than in poverty, may be a question. Riches bring worldly cares, and care is the sworn foe of the ideal—it is the death's head at the banquet.

Flowers multiply and brighten as summer approaches. The meadow is dotted with buttercups and dandelions—showered with harmless gold.

> "Gold such as theirs as'er drew the Spanish prow
> Through the primeval bush of Indian seas."

The children, in whose eyes commonness and cheapness are merits, bring handfuls of them to be admired, and we always agree sincerely that buttercups and dandelions are pretty. But the pride of our garden now is the regal Magnolia; its white and purple cup might have been offered to Keats as

> "A beaker full of the warm South,"

so luscious is the sweetness that we quaff from its cutting rim. The hyacinth is in its brief season of perfection, flinging from its bells of blue, a sweet peal

> "Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
> It is felt like an odor within the sense;"

and in shady places, betrayed by its exquisite fragrance,

> "The Naiad-like lily of the vale,
> Whom youth makes so fair and passion so pale,
> That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
> Through their pavilions of tender green."

The tulip-beds, in sunny places where they love to be, are splendor intensified. The genius of coloring runs riot in their adornment. They symbolize so well the gorgeous royalty of the East, that we feel they must be those lilies of the field to which our Saviour alluded, when He said that "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." We have a truly universal love of flowers. Each individual type of beauty, as it presents itself, in sovereign perfection, fresh from the hand of God, takes by storm our hearty tribute of praise, and all previous comparisons to its disadvantage are repentantly annulled. Now the tulip has been maligned not a little, and far too sweepingly. It is true that some varieties have a vulgar, flaunting air, like showy people of little worth, but there are others, not brilliant, but of the darkest, richest hues, that on approaching closely greet you with a strange, subtle, unexpected fragrance that delights you as if it were a discovery of your own. They remind us of characters we have known, women who were called cold, perhaps heartless, because their heart's wealth was a hived up sweetness for the special joy of one—magnificent, tropical natures veiled beneath a dark, repellant exterior, who might pass by without remark uncounted times, yet in some moment of inspiration flash out upon you from the dreamy depth of hitherto inscrutable eyes such a revelation as can never be forgotten—soul-glimpses, all the more sacred and precious that they are not lightly offered to the common world's recognition.

It is a never-failing source of entertainment to watch the birds. The golden oriole is a recent arrival. We see it continually lighting up the deep shadows of the evergreens, as if it knew the charm of contrast and coquettishly studied effect. For some reason it seems to prefer those trees, flashing in and out among the dark boughs of the Norway fir like a stray gleam of the tropics.

The cat-bird is not a general favorite, but we do like to watch his motions. He makes up in spirit what he lacks in original talent. His native note which gives him his name, is a sorry specimen enough, but he is always on the *qui-vive* for something to imitate, and by dint of observation and study succeeds so well as to take quite a lively and creditable part in the morning concert. One of them has his nest in a broad-spreading maple, and generally pours out all the joy and pride of his heart in the very ear of his mate, but to show what he can do for a special divertisement flies to a neighboring willow, and on its topmost branch, so slender as to wave with every breeze, swings and sings until Charlie quite envies the good time he is having.

Children love work when it is such as exactly suits *them*. Nothing delights them more than the free use of a watering-pot; but their zeal so much exceeds their judgment, that they would drown the flowers in giving them a drink. It reminds us of that grotesque story of Goethe, about a broom transformed into a water-carrier, which filled all the tubs and buckets in the house with marvellous rapidity, but after there was enough still went on bringing water until the whole premises were flooded—the magician in his fright being unable to recall the backward spell of conjuration which should turn it into a harmless broom again.

Children like work in a spasmodic way, but play is their true business. In old story-books the good boy loves to be at his book, the good girl at her needle, and the little reprobate of either sex out romping. But, *nous avons changé tout cela*. Physiologists have told the world that such good children seldom live, and that play is as necessary as food. Now the time of children is considered to be even better employed in sports that promote a healthy and beautiful development of the body, than in studies that mature the mind. We are never more thoroughly satisfied that their education is progressing, than when we *see* them at the swing or the jumping-rope, clambering over all the sheds, tumbling in the hay-mow, or practising more feats of dexterity than grown people could imagine about the trellises and fence tops. We learn to look at torn clothes and battered hats in a picturesque light, and discover that not only is beauty unadorned adorned the most, but beauty disfigured acquires, in the case of children, an inexplicable charm. A rosy, happy, bright-eyed rogue of a boy never looks brighter than when we see

> "Sunshine on his face
> Through his torn brim's jaunty grace."

Cora is fanciful in her diversions—loves to play at fairies among the bushes, or sit perched up in a tree like a scarlet bird, or think herself back again at Cape May as she listens to the sea-like sighing of the wind among the pine-branches, or keep house with her wax-doll under the drooping larch with its green fringed curtain half hiding her from view. This wax-doll has azure eyes and luxuriant curls, and unsurpassed complexion, and cheeks of "celestial rosy red," completely Cora's ideal of beauty. She has taken a name for her from a favorite song.

> "None so fair as little Alice in all the land they say,
> So I'm to be Queen of the May, mother, I'm to be Queen of the May."

And now that flowers have come, the wax-doll, Alice, crowned with a most becoming wreath of blue and white violets, and throned on a crimson cushion, realizes to her fancy the May Queen of the poet.

THE ACCOUNTS FROM KANSAS.

According to the last accounts from St. Louis—the genuineness of which are not, as we write, fully accredited—"*the town of Lawrence has been destroyed* by the posse under command of the United States Marshal."

If this news be true—and we cannot yet believe it so, so atrocious is its character—a step has been taken the importance of which no man can magnify.

Let us define the position of the Free State men of Kansas—men alike from the North and the South, who believe that their interests, both pecuniary and moral, would be best promoted by giving that infant state Free and not Slave institutions.

They hold that a great majority of the people, the real settlers of Kansas, are in favor of a Free State. They hold that that body which claims to be the Legislature of the Territory, was, in the main, elected by the votes of invaders from the neighboring State of Missouri, and not residents, in any fair sense, of Kansas. They acknowledge their allegiance to the General Government, and their duty to obey its officers—but contend that they are not bound to obey the officers appointed by what they consider an unauthorized Legislature.

But their present position is a most unhappy one—for the General Government has ordered its officers to enforce the invalid laws (as they consider them) of that body. They do not wish to array themselves in arms against the United States authorities—they do not wish, by the least act, to acknowledge the validity of the laws of what they consider a bogus legislature.

In conformity with their pledged submission to the United States authorities, not the least resistance was interposed to the arrests made by Colonel Sumner. Half-a-dozen dragoons made such arrests as were ordered in Lawrence. And, such being the case, we see not the least necessity for the calling out of a posse of one thousand men by the U. S. Marshal. The citizens of Lawrence sent messages to the Marshal that he could come into Lawrence and arrest whoever he pleased. They pointed to their submission to Colonel Sumner, as sufficient proof of their submission to him. But they earnestly remonstrated against the entrance of such an enormous posse—composed of their deadliest enemies—into Lawrence.

If the Marshal, disregarding that appeal, has taken steps directly calculated to lead to the shedding of blood, and the destruction of the peaceful homes of hundreds of his fellow citizens, he will have a fearful responsibility to answer for.

But the subject is too grave to be discussed at length, upon what may be merely the gross exaggerations of rumor. We therefore leave it till the undoubted facts are before us.

CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICAN MATTERS.—Don Augustin Vijil writes a letter to Mr. Marcy, giving an account of the political changes which Nicaragua has undergone in the last two years; and, of course, glorifying Walker.

The Costa-Rican minister, Mr. Molina, also has been writing to Mr. Marcy, complaining of the recognition of Walker by the United States Government. He says the nationality of Nicaragua has been destroyed by Americans; that the purpose is to overrun Central America; that Costa Rica has been compelled to go to war in self-defence, and he asks for some preventive measure against the repetition of such piratical expeditions against the Central American States, which are at peace with the United States.

Mr. Marcy, in reply, denies every allegation, and defends the attitude of the Government.

The Spanish American States are agitating the project of a South American Union, to protect themselves against the filibusters of North America. A feeling of fear and hatred toward the United States seems to be spreading throughout the southern portion of the Continent.

QUERIES.—A correspondent writes to know "what medicine cattle need to keep them from swelling, when turned into clover?" Our agricultural experience is very little, but we should say the medicine they needed was to take them out of clover awhile, and feed them on hay. Our farming friends can tell whether it is not better in the Spring, always gradually to accustom their stock to the change of food, by allowing them at first only a few hours in the pasture. We have seen statements to the effect that cattle would be better, if partially fed with hay all through the spring and summer months. Such statements have the look of being reasonable.

Another correspondent wishes a receipt for whitewashing hard finished walls.

NEWS FROM HAVANA.—The steamer Quaker City arrived at New York on May 22nd, bringing Havana dates to the 18th inst.

Rumors prevailed at Havana that the Spanish Government would fit out at that port an expedition against Walker and Nicaragua. Another rumor (very likely to be without foundation) said that Vera Cruz was to be bombarded by Spanish forces, in order to enforce the payment of certain claims due from Mexico to the Spanish Government. The movement, it was said, was to proceed immediately, and the unusual activity of the Spanish men-of-war at Havana was taken as confirmatory of the truth of the rumor.

MUSIC BY STEAM.—Mr. Stoddard of Worcester, Mass., has invented a musical instrument which is played by steam. This ends the dissonant screeching of the steam whistle, and our ears are to run melodiously henceforth. It is said a joint stock company has been formed for the manufacture of the instruments, and is called the "Steam Music Company."

OUR RELATIONS WITH ENGLAND.—Accounts from Washington state that Mr. Crampton will be dismissed, notwithstanding Mr. Clarendon's amicable letter. Judgments differ as to the effect of such a procedure, in connection with the other complications. If it be the belief of the English and French Governments that the present difficulties will sooner or later result in war, their policy is so evident at this juncture, that we confess no movement of theirs would at all surprise us. Still, it may be that the dismissal of Mr. Crampton, even if followed by that of Mr. Dallas, will prove only a "nine days' wonder."

FRIENDS' INSANE ASYLUM.—We have received the thirty-ninth Annual Report of the Friends' Insane Asylum, Philadelphia. The number of patients at the institution, during the past twelve months, has been ninety-four. Of these many have received benefit. The Institution is in a prosperous condition, and seems to carry out successfully the humane projects of its founders.

New Publications.

A DISCUSSION OF THE AMERICAN POLICY. By THOMAS R. WHITNEY. De Witt & Davenport, N. Y. For sale by all booksellers.

The title of this book outlines its character. It is an elaborate defence of the necessity and policy of the Native American or Know Nothing party in the United States. It is also an elaborate attack on all parties and policies besides. Written to serve a party aim, and in the uncandid spirit of a mere partisan, the book thus defeats its own object. It can only prejudice the American movement to all sagacious and impartial minds. Its most noticeable features are its shallowness, its bigotry, its recklessness of assertion, its sophistical warping of facts to its own purposes, its lack of knowledge, its ignorance of the philosophy of republican institutions, its impudent nationality, its general inhumanity, and its utter practical denial of the brotherhood of the race and the fatherhood of God. It is a mean book, and we should be sorry to believe that it represented the number of sensible men who recognize the real evils from a perception of which the American organization has sprung, and who labor, in that party and out of it, to correct those evils for the benefit alike of the alien and the citizen.

WAU-BUN, THE "EARLY DAY" IN THE NORTH-WEST. By MRS. JOHN H. KINZIE, of Chicago. Derby & Jackson, New York. For sale by H. Cowperthwait, Phila.

Wau-Bun is a record of life and adventure in the wild West of five-and-twenty years ago. The book is ably and gracefully written. It is the picture of a landscape which is now obliterated. Civilization has touched the scene with its magic wand, and now the dense city roars where so few years since was the silence of the ancient forest. The Indians, the emigrants, the squatter and the hunter have receded into distance, and we now have the swarming faces of Chicago. How wonderful the change! It is with a feeling of the marvellousness of these disturbed transitions of a people's existence, that we read this simple and lucid narrative of the different aspects of Western life, manners, associations and interests twenty-five years ago, and pore over the fine aqua-tint engravings with which the book is embellished, and which make vivid to us the scenes which have dissolved and passed away. We commend the volume to the attention of our western and other readers.

TRIFLETON PAPERS. By TRIFLE AND THE EDITOR. Whittemore, Niles & Hall, Boston. For sale by Wm. S. & Alfred Martien, Phila.

Who "Trifle and the Editor" are, we know not; but they seem to be two little great men, discoursing oracularly and ineffectually on great little subjects. Many of the topics discussed are exceedingly unimportant—deserving, perhaps, the mention of a newspaper writer, but not the notice of a book-maker. And the more important topics are treated with the same triteness and triviality of thought and manner as the less. The criticism of Tennyson's "Maud" is ridiculous enough, and the eulogy thereof, equally so. The whole book smells of conceit and cigars. The authors evidently had Mr. Curtis's "Potiphar Papers" and "Lotus Eating" in mind when they wrote it; but the wit, the polished satire, the graceful badinage, the flashing fancy, and the gorgeous pictorial beauty of the works we have named are lacking. The book is dedicated to George S. Hillard, of Boston, and the dedication is the best thing it contains.

HOMERIC BALLADS AND COMEDIES OF LUCIAN. Translated by the late William Maginn, LL. D. Redfield, New York. For sale by C. DeSilver, Philadelphia.

We have here the fourth volume of Dr. Maginn's Miscellaneous Writings, edited by Dr. Shelton Mackenzie. It is made up of versifications of portions of the Odyssey and Iliad, which are rendered with all the metrical facility, spirit, and vigor for which Maginn was famous;—and several translations of Lucians' Comedies, which are less translations than transfusions, so admirably are they done into our own vernacular. Maginn wrote the Homeric ballads *con amore*; it was a loved task with him; and he bestowed much more care on this work, and formed it with even more enthusiasm than he did most of his other compositions. To this work he gave the best fruits of his polished and ample scholarship—a scholarship the greater that with all its profundity it had no touch of pedanticism. The loving reader of the classics will find much to enjoy in this volume.

HOME AND HEALTH; HOW PRESERVED, AND HOW LOST. By J. HENRY CLARK, M. D. C. Scribner, New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

This popular handbook on the ills the eye and ear are heir to, contains much valuable information in a practical and available form. The facts it embodies render it useful to the domestic library, while the scholar and man of science will find it profitable reading in itself, and an index to more elaborate treatises on the same subjects. The author appears to be a person of learning, knowledge, and humane aims. Woodcuts and diagrams of the anatomy of the organs under consideration, illustrate the subject of the volume.

AT HOME AND ABROAD; OR, THINGS AND THOUGHTS IN AMERICA AND EUROPE. By MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI. Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston. For sale by William S. & Alfred Martien, Philadelphia.

The present work is now in its second edition. It is unnecessary at this late day to add to its praise. Margaret Fuller has taken her place among the crowned women of literature. We need hardly say that many of her noblest compositions are contained in this volume. The editor of the work, her brother, Rev. Arthur B. Fuller, promises us, in a footnote, another volume of his gifted sister's miscellaneous writings, which, it is hoped, will appear soon.

NEW MANUAL OF HOMŒOPATHIC VETERINARY MEDICINE. By J. C. SCHAEFFER. Published by Radenacher & Sherb, Philadelphia.

Here is a work professing to be of value to the owner of domestic animals, and especially to the farmer living out of the reach of medical advice, enabling him to treat his horses, sheep, swine, dogs, and cattle of all kinds in an effectual and cheap manner. It is a translation from the works of Guenther, Youatt, Haycock, and other celebrated writers on veterinary surgery and medicine.

BERENICE; A NOVEL. Phillips & Sampson, Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

Berenice is written with power and taste, and has much dramatic interest. A vein of tender and thoughtful morality runs through the passion and movement of the narrative. The ideal purity and imagination of the book declare its author a woman.

THE OLD CORNER CUPBOARD, OR THE EVERY DAY LIFE OF EVERY DAY PEOPLE. Truman & Spofford, Cincinnati. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

This is a rather every day story, told in a rather every day manner, but with bright little glints of talent shooting out here and there. The fault of the book is its didacticism.

SALAD FOR THE SOCIAL. By the Author of "Salad for the Solitary." De Witt & Davenport, New York. For sale by all Booksellers.

We believe the author of the two works above mentioned is the Rev. Frederic Shelton, of New York—perhaps, after Irving, our most genial and delightful humorist. We commend the present work very cordially to the affections of our readers. It is an entertaining compound of curious learning, wit, bright thought, piquant anecdote, happy quotation, and fertile suggestion, and has a quiet glow of humor diffused over it all.

COLOMBA. By PROSPER MERIMEE. Phillips & Sampson, Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

Colomba is a translation from the French of Prosper Merimee, a clever writer, none of whose works have ever, till now, been rendered into English. The present book is a Corsican story, and is pleasant reading for some shady summer hour. Its value is in the fact that it affords a wonderfully accurate picture of Corsican life and manners. Otherwise it is a brilliant and vivid French novel without any French impudence or immorality.

THE YANKEE AMONG THE MERMAIDS, and other Waggeries and Vagaries. By William E. Burton. Published and for sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

FRED GRAHAM, or Masks and Faces. By J. Frederic Smith. Garrett & Co., N. Y. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

THE CHRISTIAN VIRTUES, An Illustrated Allegory. By Rev. D. D. Buck. Miller, Orton & Mulligan, N. Y. For sale by William S. & Alfred Martien, Philadelphia.

THE SECOND MARRIAGE, or a Daughter's Trials. By Charles Burdett. C. Scribner, N. Y. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

PAUL PERROLT. A Tale by the author of "IX. Poems by V." Redfield, N. Y. For sale by C. DeSilver, Philadelphia.

TRUTH MADE SIMPLE. By John Todd, D. D. Hopkins, Bridgman & Co. For sale by H. Cowperthwait & Co., Philadelphia.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER, Designed to Aid in Elevating and Perfecting the Sabbath School System. Hopkins, Bridgman & Co. For sale by H. Cowperthwait & Co., Philadelphia.

FROM W. B. ZIEBER we have the Edinburgh Review for April. It contains among other things a scholarly article on the Shakspeare correctors—Singer, Collier, Dyce, and others—taking ground against the admission of all merely *conjectural* emendations into Shakspeare's text without some mark to denote their illegitimacy; and praising Collier's labors with the qualification that the spirit of the conjectural amender is too evident in them. It also has a slashing article on Ruskin.

Graham's and Harper's Magazines for June are out, and for sale at all the bookstores.

T. B. Peterson has for sale No. 2 of "The City Architect," containing several elegant designs for dwelling houses, exquisitely engraved, and accompanied with corresponding letter press. Perhaps, no better work on cottage architecture has ever been issued. We should think it especially valuable to all persons who intend building.

"The Engineer" for June, being No. 13 of Harper's Story Books is published. The little folks will find it very entertaining.

THICK WIND.

Mr. Editor of the Post: In your paper of 17th May, I notice a correspondent desires to know the regimen for a horse troubled with thick wind. My remedy is to feed no dry feed of any kind. If you wish to feed hay, cut it in a cutting box and wet it well. Soak your oats also well before feeding. I prefer having them ground with one part rye to two of oats, and put with cut hay or straw. A large spoonful of ginger three times a week in the feed would be beneficial. A horse treated as above will do good work. If your correspondent wishes to cure his horse of *Thick Wind*, tell him to shut him in a tight, warm stable, and keep him there without food or drink four weeks, and I warrant him cured!

Sheffield, Pa. A. H. B.

AFFAIRS IN KANSAS.

A large quantity of testimony, enclosed in a sealed package, forwarded through Gov. Robinson and his wife, has safely reached Washington. This is the testimony the Missourians threatened to destroy. The Kansas Congressional Commission, by whom it was originally taken down, request that it may remain with the seal unbroken till their return.

News from St. Louis up to the 14th inst., report Sheriff Jones convalescent. Gov. Reeder was reported absent from the Territory. It was said that there were 1,500 men at Lawrence, armed with Sharpe's rifles, with a strongly fortified breastwork, and two pieces of artillery, who declared that they will resist all attempts at their arrest.

About 1,000 persons have responded to the Marshal's proclamation, and are encamped in the vicinity of Lawrence and Lecompton, the avowed purpose being to compel the people of Lawrence to acknowledge the Territorial laws.

The most recent outrage was the tarring and feathering of the Rev. Pardee Butler, accused of holding anti-slavery views. The St. Louis Democrat states that Mr. Butler was passing through the town of Atchison, when he was assaulted by a person named Kelly, the editor of the Squatter Sovereign, at the head of a party of South Carolinians, sent to Kansas by a Southern Emigrant Aid Society. After a great deal of profanity and abuse, and some violence, they resolved to hang Mr. Butler, but were interrupted by Gen. Tutts, a lawyer of Buchanan County, who said to them:—"My friends, hear me, I am an old man, and it is right you should hear me. I was born in Virginia, and have lived many years in Missouri. I am a slaveholder and desire Kansas to be made a slave state, if it can be done by honorable means. But you will destroy the cause you are seeking to build up. You have taken this man, who was peaceably passing through your streets and along the public highway, and doing no person any harm. We profess to be *law* and *order* men, and should be the last to commit violence. If this man has violated the law, let him be punished according to law: but for the sake of Missouri—for the sake of Kansas—for the sake of the pro-slavery cause, do not act in this way."

The mob then dragged Mr. Butler into a grocery store, where Kelly made certain charges against him. Mr. Butler attempted to reply, but was not allowed to speak. Gen. Tutts again pleaded for him, and Mr. Lamb, a lawyer, and Mr. Dickson, a merchant, both of Atchison, interceded for him. It was at last decided that Butler should not be hung, but should be tarred and feathered and receive thirty-nine lashes. Subsequently, the latter part of the sentence was rescinded, which occasioned much dissatisfaction among the South Carolinians. Mr. Butler was then stripped to the waist, his body covered with tar, and wool applied for want of feathers. The mob then appointed a committee of seven to hang him the next time he came to Atchison, and, putting him with his clothes into his buggy, drove him before them, yelling and screeching, out of town to the prairie where his wife and little children were waiting for him.

Mr. Butler is a preacher of the Campbell persuasion. His offence was having once said he intended to vote for having Kansas a Free State. He denies being an abolitionist. Mr. Kelly is, as has been said, the editor of the *Squatter Sovereign*, and the Government printer.

News from Leavenworth to the 18th inst., has arrived at Chicago. Wednesday, the 21st, was reported to have been fixed upon for a general attack upon Lawrence. Two cannon had crossed the river at Chison, destined for Lawrence. Buford's regiment were enrolled in the militia, and furnished with United States arms by Gov. Shannon. The Free State men want arms and ammunition. Donaldson (United States Marshal) has proclaimed his intention to make clean work of what he has to do this time. Gov. Robinson is still imprisoned at Lexington.

Mr. Brown, the editor of the Herald of Freedom, writes that a mob entered the hotel at Kansas city, and dragged off a man they supposed to be himself.—Discovering their mistake, they returned, and demanded him; the proprietor of the hotel refused, and a company of Michigan emigrants entered the hotel to protect the occupants. The mob were still surrounding the hotel at the close of the letter.

Nothing authentic has been heard of Brown's fate since his capture.

The correspondent of the Jefferson (Missouri) Enquirer states that a petition is being circulated in the border counties, praying for the immediate removal of Col. Sumner.

The people of Lawrence had sent a note to Colonel Sumner, asking him to station a body of troops in the vicinity, to prevent the mob from proceeding to sanguinary extremities. He declined, saying he had no power to move without orders.

Mr. Cox, of Lawrence, waited on Marshal Donaldson, to ascertain if anything could be done peaceably to prevent his monster posse entering the town. Mr. Donaldson said their demands must be complied with, that *every man against whom a process was issued should be surrendered—that all their rifles and munitions of war in Lawrence should be delivered up*, and that the citizens of Lawrence should pledge themselves under oath to implicitly obey the enactments under which the Territory is governed.

Upon receipt of this the citizens held a meeting and drew up a letter to the Marshal, stating that any person acting under him would be allowed to execute legal process against any inhabitant of Lawrence, and that, if called upon, they would serve as a posse in aiding the arrest; that there would not now, or at any future time, be any resistance to the law or the United States officers, and that they only awaited an opportunity to testify their fidelity to the Union and the Constitution. They claimed to be law-abiding, order-loving citizens, and asked the protection of the constituted authorities. Half-a-dozen dragoons, acting under U. S. authority, already had made such arrests as pleased them, without the least resistance from the citizens.

The purport of the Marshal's answer was, that he did not believe the promises of the people of Lawrence—that he regarded them as rebels and traitors—and that they should know what his demands were when he came.

The Kickapoo Pioneer introduces the Marshal's proclamation with these complimentary words:

"He evidently is a man who has backbone, and furthermore he evinces a determination to put the upstart traitors of Lawrence down. Like General Jackson, he dared to take the responsibility upon himself, *while a maudlin Governor dared not do his simple duty.*"

The postscript to the *Et Cetera* proclamation is in these words:

"P. S. No liability for expenses will be incurred by the United States government, until its expenses is obtained. I. B. D., U. S. M."

WESTPORT, May 16, 1856.—Raining as if there was to be a young flood. Roads as bottomless as the Mediterranean; mud thick and plenty; ground too wet to plant or plough. When will we have good weather again?

The news from Lecompton and Lawrence is that the rebels are getting scared, and the authorities growing more and more determined to enforce the laws. Unless they submit immediately and give up their weapons, the Abolitionists will have to fight. Will they give up? Will they fight? No one can now tell; but the opinion is that there will be a little battle, and the rebels will sue for peace and submit.

Geo. W. Brown is now a prisoner here. He was taken up and detained, it being known that he was indicted by the U. S. District Court for treason and inciting rebellion. He was taken by Coon McGee, "our Milt," with the assistance of his trusty negro man, who helped to take Pomeroy last fall. Although Brown was loaded down with arms, and had a companion in the same fix, still he gave up without any resistance. The prisoner is the editor of the Herald of Freedom, published at Lawrence, and has violated every section of the "act to punish offences against slave property." He will be taken immediately to Lecompton for trial. The necessary papers were brought by a deputy to-day.

REPLY OF GOV. SHANNON TO THE INHABITANTS OF LAWRENCE.—A committee of the inhabitants of Lawrence, Messrs. C. W. Topliff, John Hutchinson and W. Y. Roberts, on the 11th instant, transmitted to Gov. Shannon the resolutions adopted at a meeting of the inhabitants of that town, setting forth that they are threatened with destruction from guerilla bands from Missouri, and calling upon him for protection against such bands, by the United States troops at his disposal. To this application Governor Shannon replied as follows:

EXECUTIVE OFFICE,
LECOMPTON, K. N., May 12, 1856.

Gentlemen:—Your note of the 11th is received, and in reply I have to state that there is no force around or approaching Lawrence except the legally constituted posse of the United States Marshal and Sheriff of Douglas county, each of whom, I am informed, have a number of writs in their hands for execution against persons now in Lawrence. I shall in no way interfere with either of these officers in the discharge of their official duties. If the citizens of Lawrence submit themselves to the territorial laws, aid and assist the Marshal and Sheriff in the execution of processes in their hands as all good citizens are bound to do when called on, they, or all such, will entitle themselves to the protection of the law. But so long as they keep up an armed organization to resist the territorial laws and the officers charged with their execution, I shall not interfere to save them from the consequences of their illegal acts. I have the honor to be yours with greatest respect,

WILSON SHANNON.

IMPORTANT FROM KANSAS.

RUMORED DESTRUCTION OF LAWRENCE.

Telegraphic accounts from St. Louis, dated May 24, state that attack on Lawrence was made, and the town destroyed on Wednesday of last week. It is also stated that the same day the hotel at Kansas city and the printing office were destroyed. The intelligence of the destruction of the town of Lawrence, was brought from thence by passengers per steamer Morning Star, to Boonville, from whence it was telegraphed to St. Louis. Other accounts are as follows:

The Leavenworth correspondent of the St. Louis Democrat says that the Committee of Public Safety of Lawrence have determined to offer no resistance to the U. S. Marshal. An immediate secreting of arms and ammunition took place as soon as this determination became known, and the people commenced evacuating the town.

It is said that the Free State men are gathering at Topeka, and will resist the invaders if they attempt to execute their threats against Lawrence. The settlers from New Haven will send 100 men and those from Manhattan the same number.

ST. LOUIS, May 23.

The St. Louis Republican of this morning, publishes a despatch from Westport, of the 20th, giving an account of an encounter on the road between Lecompton and Franklin. The correspondent of the Republican says:—"Mr. Cosgrove and Dr. Branson, while going from

Life in Paris.

CAPRICES IN THE UPPER REGIONS—AN INEXPLICABLE CRIME—ANOTHER STAR DISAPPEARED—A ROYAL INCOG.—REVERSE OF THE MEDAL—LONDON IN PARIS—LANDLORDS AND TENANTS—A MODERN GOTH.

PARIS, May 6, 1856.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

While this sun-loving city has been suffering from the usual caprices of the *hune vousse*, shown in the shape of north winds, and violent deluges of rain, hail, and snow, that have succeeded so suddenly to the glorious weather chronicled in my last, and the official journal is continuing its publication of the Treaty and the protocols, a terrible domestic tragedy has filled the whole city with horror.

M. Niquet, a merchant who had made himself a *millionaire*, and lived in a handsome residence opposite the Hotel de Rothschild, was the father of five daughters and two sons; the two eldest daughters are married; the rest of the children reside with their father, who has been a widower for many years, and the whole family, with the two married daughters, their husbands and children, regularly dined at his table every Sunday. On Sunday week the whole family went out together for a drive, returning to the father's to dinner as usual; and at dinner some remark having been made about the children of one of the daughters (Madame Pellault) having been troublesome to the other occupants of the carriage in which they were, M. Pellault took the part of his children rather sharply, and a slight altercation ensued between him and his father-in-law upon the subject of the children's behaviour. The incident, however, was of little moment, and was forgotten at once by the rest of the family. But next morning M. Pellault got up very early, left his house without saying anything to his servants, and went to the hotel of his father-in-law, where the servants were only just out of bed, all the family being still asleep. Pellault said to the servant who opened the door, that he had important business to transact with M. Niquet, and must see him at once. The servant remonstrated, saying that his master was in bed, and probably asleep. Pellault replied that delay was impossible, and went up to the bedroom of his father-in-law. A few minutes afterwards the family were roused from their slumbers by the report of a pistol in their father's room; and on running thither in alarm and consternation, they found their father lying dead in his bed, not only shot through the heart, but his head nearly severed from his body by a razor. Pellault had a second pistol in his pocket, and shot himself through the head with it as one of his young sisters-in-law rushed to her father's bedside, exclaiming, "*Malheureux!* what have you done to our father?" The murderer expired after several hours of lingering agony; having been confessed and shriven by a priest, he was buried with the "rites of the Church," (refused to suicides) much to the scandal of all good Catholics. It has been suggested that Pellault, who was much given to speculation, might have needed his father-in-law's assistance, and been refused; but the supposition appears to be incorrect, and no motive whatever can be assigned for the hideous crime of which he has been guilty. The state of this unfortunate family, especially of the young widow who has lost father and husband by the same terrible blow, and who, moreover, is about again to become a mother, may be imagined. All Paris has been most painfully affected by the shocking catastrophe.

Adolphe Adam, the celebrated and popular composer, was found dead in his bed on Saturday morning; the rupture of a blood-vessel in the head—occasioned, probably, by over-work, for he composed almost without intermission, in his anxiety to pay off a debt he had contracted in founding an institution for the benefit, as he had hoped, of young composers—appears to have cut short his life instantaneously. A score was lying on the table beside his bed, on which were half-written passages of music, on which he had been working before he fell asleep; and in his sleep the longer sleep that has no waking seems to have overtaken him.

The King of Wurtemburg is here, but *incognito*. The preparations for the grand baptism are going forward actively at Notre Dame, the whole interior of which is to be hung with dark blue velvet, studded over with golden bees and stars, like the paper which has been pasted up in it to show the effect of this extravagantly costly decoration.

The troops now returning from the Crimea are being decimated by typhus fever; and the alarm of the public is naturally very great, especially as the journals are not allowed to mention the fact, which is none the less well known through accounts in private letters from the Crimea, the public, as usual under such circumstance, probably exaggerating the evil.

Three of the lovely and healthy islands off Toulon have been selected by the government as quarantine ground for the returning troops; and their stay there will probably be considerably lengthened, with a view to pacifying the public mind. Joyful as so many hearts will be, at the return of husbands, brothers, and sons, who have escaped the horrible death, and still more horrible mutilations of the battle field, the return of the sick and the wounded will bring plenty of heartaches also to their friends. When one remembers the desolated hearths, the blighted hopes, the life-long regrets that this terrible war has left behind it, the fate of those who have perished gallantly on the field, sad though it be, seems happiness in comparison. A touching incident connected with the return of the troops from the seat of war, occurred here last week. The young and charming daughter of a French general, who has occupied an important post in Italy, and is now a Senator, was engaged, before the breaking out of the late war, to a young officer whose regiment was ordered to the Crimea. There the officer lost a leg; his sufferings being further enhanced by the conviction that such an accident would cause him also the loss of his lady-love. He was sent home on leave of absence for his health; and came to Paris disconsolate enough, believing that everything must be broken between himself and his betrothed. But the young lady's affection proved too strong to be shaken by his mutilated condition; and the marriage was duly celebrated on Thursday last. After the ceremony, the young couple set out for a town in the south of France, where a place has been given by the Government to the wounded officer.

As Napoleon III. professes to reign "by the grace of God, and the national will," it is the fashion, under this most despotic regime, to invoke the will of the people as often as practicable. Thus, the Minister of State has just announced the reception of a petition addressed to him by the working-classes of Lyons, and praying that "the effigy of the Emperor, whose greatness has been increased both by war and by peace, may in future be always surrounded by a laurel-wreath, on all the coins of France;" the Minister, of course, supposes, in return, that the Emperor will not refuse to accede to so natural and reasonable an expression of the popular will. Nothing is said, however, of any part the police may have had in getting up this little Napoleonic demonstration.

The Collar of the Golden Fleece, (the highest Order of Spanish Knighthood) which has just been sent to the Imperial baby, by Queen Isabella, is the same formerly worn by the late Emperor of Russia; and forms, with the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, and the Crimean Medal ("reward for acts of bravery on the field of battle!") already solemnly deposited on the little blue silk quilt of the Imperial cradle, a tolerably liberal acknowledgment of the distinguished deeds of the youthful hero who has just been inscribed as a child of the regiment on the the books of the Imperial Guard by his Imperial papa.

The Emperor has evidently adopted many peculiarities of London life; and all the gradual introductions of measures suggested to him by his long residence in England, is perhaps as conclusive an evidence as we can have of the sincerity of his alliance with that country. From the organization of the civic police and the gradual modification of the existing narrow and exclusive system of tariffs, to the widening, clearing, and macadamising of the streets, and the laying out of the wild, neglected, and utterly unbeautiful extent of scrubby woods which has now been converted into a most tasteful and elegant place of fashionable resort, bidding fair to rival the verdant splendors of Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens, the influence of ideas and habits acquired in England are equally visible.

The fashionable hour for visiting the Bois de Boulogne, which is now *the* great place of rendezvous for the gay world, is from three to five o'clock in the afternoon; when the Boulevards, the Champs Elysees, the Avenue of the Imperatrice, and the roads that wind in and out between the green lawns and growing trees of the Bois, are filled with an unbroken stream of equipages; from those of the Court and the aristocracy, radiant with magnificent coats-of-arms, and the coats—yet more magnificent—of rainbow-colored and resplendent-buttoned Mercuries, and quite filled by the enormous amplitude of drapery of one, or at most, of two of the haughty dames of State and of Finance, to the humble *fiacre* with its threadbare driver, and its narrow interior stuffed as full as it can hold with shabby-dressed vulgarity, taking its five-francs' worth of the fresh air and aristocratic vicinage of the region.

These vehicles all drive rapidly enough until fairly within the magic circle of the park; where the crush of carriages is so dense that they are obliged to creep along at a funereal pace, coming to a dead-lock and stand still every few minutes; and where their occupants, if they please to look out of window, can see nothing but this same crush of vehicles, six deep, mutually blocking each other's view, and stopping each other's way. In the morning, however, before the gay world is out of bed, the Bois is most lovely. The turf is wonderfully green and soft for France, the white winding roads and pathways fringed by belts of trees, the lovely little lakes (recently formed by bringing in a neighboring brook into a natural hollow of several hundred acres in the middle of the Bois) with their islands, and Swiss Chalets, bridges, boats, and tiny waterfalls tumbling over artificial rock-work, and the wide panorama of the basin of the Seine softening into a misty border of hills low on the horizon, constitute a pleasant scene that one is very thankful to find just beyond the cutshirts of the bustling and crowded capital.

The magnificent avenue recently opened between the Arch at the upper end of the Champs Elysees and the Bois, under the name of the *Boulevard de l'Imperatrice*, is being further beautified by the plantation of some fifty-six groves of trees, forming a rich collection of the most beautiful and interesting species, procured from the best nursery-gardens of France, Germany, England, and Belgium. Four of these groves, situated near the Porte Dauphine, will be especially curious, two of them offering a complete collection of all the magnolias that shed their leaves in the winter, and the other two containing a series, equally complete, of the evergreen species of this same family. The other groves along this magnificent promenade will include six hundred varieties of coniferæ, fifty-five varieties of maples, and so on. Besides these rich plantations, the borders of the avenue will be ornamented with beds of geraniums—as they are termed in the fashionable nomenclature of the day; *pelargoniums*, petunias, verbænas, balsams, and other brilliant flowers. The Emperor is also understood to have decided upon the removal of the great Obelisk of Luxor from the centre of the Place de la Concorde—where it only serves to break dissgreasibly the superb perspective of the Champs Elysees between the Tuileries and the Arc de l'Etoile—to a point in the Bois de Boulogne where its slender shaft, covered with gilded hieroglyphic carvings, will harmonize delightfully with its new surroundings.

The portion of the Rue de Rivoli already completed, extending from the Place de la Concorde to the Church of St. Paul in the Marais, (the quarter in which resides the poet Beranger,) is a league in length; and this long and imposing street will be doubled by its continuation through the Marais to the other side of the Boulevard. The new Boulevard de Sebastopol, which will run from the Strasbourg Railway Station to the Barrier d'Enfer, thus crossing two-thirds of the city in a direct line, will be a league and a half in length, without a turning.

It is amazing how long it takes this world of ours (which, nevertheless, piques itself on being practical!) to strike out the most obvious improvements. For instance, it has never, until now, occurred to architects and builders that the gutters which border our pavements, disfiguring the streets, and adding considerably to their muddiness in wet weather, might just as easily be placed underneath the pavements. In all the streets now being built here, this arrangement has been adopted, much to their advantage in point of appearance as well as of cleanliness. The municipal authorities have also forbidden the carrying up of the new houses to a height greater than the width of the street, so that a proper supply of air and sunshine may find access to these lines of habitations, too generally deprived of these inestimable blessings by the cupidity of the landlords.

I have frequently alluded to the extortionate rents demanded by landlords since the demolitions undertaken by the Government. A few days ago, a lady of my acquaintance was surprised by the sudden announcement of the landlord. She rose to receive him, when that personage remarked, as he entered the parlor with a bow and smile, that he had done himself the honor of calling upon her for the purpose of informing her that he had determined to increase the rent of the apartment she occupied, and that, after the conclusion of the present term, her rent would be raised from twelve hundred to twenty-four hundred francs per annum. So indignant was his tenant at this intelligence, that she replied—

"Monsieur! until now, I have never been in favor of revolutions or other violent measures; but I declare to you, that I begin to think that the only mistake committed by the revolutionaries of 1848, was their neglecting to hang all the landlords of Paris; and you will allow me to add that I hope the very next popular movement will begin by repairing this omission!"

So bitter, indeed, is the feeling against the landlords, especially among the poorer classes, that there is little doubt of the lady's hope being realized, should any revolutionary outbreak occur.

Several plans have been tried with a view to providing lodgings for the laboring classes, at something like possible prices, but hitherto without success. A company has just been formed for the hiring of portable wooden houses, to be wheeled into all the lots which have been cleared for re-building, so that the landlords may be able to draw some income from these empty spaces while the new buildings are being erected. The Emperor has set apart a sum from his private purse for purchasing land on the outskirts of Paris, to be cut up into small lots, and sold to builders at cost, for the erection of dwellings for the working-population. If the plan succeeds, other portions of land will be bought by the Emperor, and re-sold in the same manner.

Measures of a much more radical character are, however, beginning to be called for by the community, who are growing tired of the deceipts to which they are subjected on all hands. The justice of the existing relation between landlord and tenant, which causes the latter to pay for the former, in the form of rent, a sum which comes at length to exceed, many times over, the value of the dwelling he inhabits, is now very generally questioned; and that, not by so-called "socialists," but by plain, common sense, business people, who do not see why they should go on hiring an apartment all the days of their life, when they might purchase one for a tithe of the money that they are now obliged to pay to their landlord. It is probable that before long, Building Societies will be formed for the erection of houses that will become the property of those who tenant them, and who will pay, instead of the annual rent which, though paid for fifty years, leaves them as far off as ever from any property-right in the dwelling they inhabit—an annual instalment of the price of the house, or the story, which they occupy, and of which they will thus become the owners at the price first agreed upon between themselves and the builders.

While upon the subject of building, I may mention that a feeling of intense regret, not unmingled with indignation, which will be shared by lovers of Art all the world over, has been excited here by the demolition of the magnificent staircase of the Louvre, by M. Lefuel, the architect to whom the building and re-building of this noble pile has been committed. It is urged that this staircase—the work of Percier & Fontaine, and the most superb architectural erection of the first Empire—did not harmonize with the new plans. Ordinary mortals reply that, if such were the case, the discrepancy should have been regarded as condemnatory of the new plans, and that these should have been modified so as to bring the new structures in its proximity into harmony with the staircase. But we all know how many "pranks" are apt to be engendered by the process of "a little brief authority."

A homœpathatic congress will be opened at Brussels on the 27th of next September. A prize of 6120 is to be awarded to the author of the best treatise on *Metastasis*. These are to be sent in before August 15, to Dr. Leon Simon, of Paris, Secretary of the Central Homœpathic Commission. QUANTUM.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—On May 19th, Mr Cass stated that he should ask leave, when a convenient opportunity presents, to show how he had been misunderstood by Mr. Crampton, in certain correspondence with the British Government.

Mr. Sumner then addressed the Senate on Kansas affairs. He began by saying that the question of Freedom in Kansas involves the peace of the whole country and our good name forevermore. He then declared that the wrongs of Sicily, memorable in history, were small by the side of the wrongs of Kansas, where, he said, "the very shrines of popular institutions, more sacred than any heathen altar, have been desecrated; where the ballot-box, more precious than any work in ivory or marble from the cunning hand of Art—has been plundered; and where the cry, 'I am an American citizen,' has been interposed in vain against outrage of every kind, and even upon life itself."

He went on to say, that "in the perpetration of this crime, there was needed a spirit of vaulting ambition which would hesitate at nothing; a hardihood of purpose which was insensible to the judgment of mankind; a madness for Slavery which should disregard Constitution, the laws, and all the great examples of our history; also a consciousness of power such as comes from the habit of power; a combination of energies found only in a hundred arms directed by a hundred eyes; a control of Public Opinion through venal pens and a prostituted press; an ability to subsidize crowds in every vocation of life—the politician with his local importance, the lawyer with his subtle tongue, and even the authority of the judge on the bench; and a familiar use of men in places high and low, so that none, from the President to the lowest border postmaster, should decline to be its tool; all these things and more were needed; and they were found in the Slave Power of our Republic".

Justice to Kansas, he continued, can only be secured by the utter prostration of the Slave Power.

He then proceeded to the main argument, saying:

My task will be divided under three different heads—*First*, THE CRIME AGAINST KANSAS, in its origin and extent; *Second*, THE APOLOGIES FOR THE CRIME; and *Thirdly*, THE TRUE REMEDY.

But, before entering upon the argument, I must say something of a general character, particularly in response to what has fallen from Senators who have raised themselves to eminence on this floor in championship of human wrongs; I mean the Senator from South Carolina (Mr. Butler), and the Senator from Illinois (Mr. Douglas), who, though unlike as Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, yet, like this couple, sally forth together in the same cause. The Senator from South Carolina has read many books of chivalry, and believes himself a chivalrous knight, with sentiments of honor and courage. Of course he has a chosen mistress to whom he has made his vows, and who, though ugly to others, is always lovely to him; though polluted in the sight of the world, is chaste in his sight—I mean the harlot, Slavery. For her his tongue is always profuse in words. Let her be impeached in character, or any proposition made to shut her out from the extension of her wantonness, and no extravagance of manner or hardihood of assertion is then too great for this Senator.

The frenzy of Don Quixote, in behalf of his wench, Dulcinea del Toboso, is all surpassed. The asserted rights of slavery, which shock equality of all kinds, are cloaked by a fanatic claim of equality. If the Slave States cannot enjoy what, in mockery of the great fathers of the Republic, he misnames equality under the Constitution—in other words, the full power in the national Territories to compel fellow-men to unpaid toil, to separate husband and wife, and to sell little children at the auction-block—then, sir, the chivalric Senator will conduct the State of South Carolina out of the Union! Heroic Knight! Exalted Senator! A second Moses come for a second Exodus!

But not content with this poor menace, which we have been twice told was 'measured,' the Senator, in the unrestrained chivalry of his nature, has undertaken to apply opprobrious words to those who differ from him on this floor. He calls them "sectional and fanatical;" and opposition to the usurpation in Kansas, he denounces as "an uncalculating fanaticism." To be sure, these charges lack all grace of originality, and all sentiment of truth; but the adventurous Senator does not hesitate. He is the uncompromising, unblushing representative on this floor of a flagrant *sectionalism*, which now domineers over the Republic, and yet with a ludicrous ignorance of his own position—unable to see himself as others see him—or with an effrontery which even his white head ought not to protect from rebuke, he applies to those here who resist his *sectionalism*, the very epithet which designates himself.

The men who strive to bring back the Government to its original policy, when Freedom and not Slavery was national, while Slavery and not Freedom was sectional, he arraigns as *sectional*. This will not do. It involves too great a perversion of terms. I tell that Senator that it is to himself and to the "organization" of which he is the "committed advocate," that this epithet belongs. I now fasten it upon them. For myself, I care little for names; but since the question has been raised here, I affirm that the Republican party of the Union is in no just sense sectional, but, more than any other party, national; and that it now comes forth to dislodge from the high places of the Government the tyrannical sectionalism of which the Senator from South Carolina is one of the maddest zealots.

To the charge of fanaticism I also reply. Sir, fanaticism is found in an enthusiasm or exaggeration of opinions, particularly on religious subjects; but there may be a fanaticism for evil as well as for good. Now, I will not deny that there are persons among us loving liberty too well for their personal good, in a selfish generation. Such there may be, and, for the sake of their example, would that there were more! In calling them "fanatics" you cast contumely upon the noble army of martyrs, from the earliest day down to this hour; upon the great tribunes of human rights, by whom life, liberty and happiness on earth have been secured; upon the long line of devoted patriots who, throughout history, have truly loved their country; and, upon all, who, in noble aspiration for the general good, and in forgetfulness of self, have stood out before their age, and gathered into their generous hearts the shafts of tyranny and wrong, in order to make a pathway for truth.

You discredit Luther, when alone he nailed his articles to the door of the church at Wittenberg, and there, to the imperial demand that he should retract, firmly replied, "Here I stand; I cannot do otherwise, so help me God!" You discredit Hampden, when alone he refused to pay the few shillings of ship-money, and shook the throne of Charles I.; you discredit Milton, when, amidst the prostrations of a heartless Court, he lived in the lofty friend of liberty, above question or suspicion; you discredit Russell and Sidney, when, for the sake of their country, they calmly turned from family and friends to tread the narrow steps of the scaffold; you discredit the early founders of American institutions, who preferred the hardships of a wilderness, surrounded by a savage foe, to injustice on beds of ease; you discredit our later fathers, who, few in numbers and weak in resources, yet strong in their cause, did not hesitate to brave the mighty power of England, already encircling the globe with her morning drum-beats. Yes, sir, of such are the fanatics of history, according to the Senator.

But I tell that Senator that there are characters badly adjacent of whose fanaticism there can be no question. Such were the ancient Egyptians, who worshiped divinities in brutish forms; the Druids, who darkened the forests of oak, in which they lived, by sacrifices of blood; the Mexicans, who surrendered countless victims to the propitiation of their obscene idols; the Spaniards, who, under Alva, sought to force the Inquisition upon Holland, by a tyranny kindred to that now employed to force Slavery upon Kansas; and such were the Algerines, when, in solemn conclave, after listening to a speech not unlike that of the Senator from South Carolina, they resolved to continue the Slavery of white Christians, and to extend it to the countrymen of Washington! Aye, sir, extend it! And in this same dreary catalogue faithful history must record all who now, in an enlightened age and in a land of Boasted Freedom, stand up, in perversion of the Constitution and in denial of immortal truth, to fasten a new shackle upon their fellow-man. If the Senator wishes to see fanatics, let him look around among his own associates; let him look at himself.

But I have not done with the Senator. There is another matter regarded by him of such consequence that he interpolated it into the speech of the Senator from New Hampshire, (Mr. Hale), and also announced that he had prepared himself with it, to take it in his pocket all the way to Boston, as he expected to address the people of that commonwealth. On this account, and for the sake of truth, I stay for one moment, and tread it to the earth. The North, according to the Senator, was engaged in the slave trade, and hoped to introduce slaves into the Southern States: and this undeniable fact he proposed to establish by audacious in stating which his efforts surpassed his contempt in number. But let these pass for the present, that I may deal with his argument.

Pray, Sir, is the acknowledged turpitude of a departed generation to become an example for me? And yet, the supposition of the Senator, if entitled to any consideration in this discussion, must have this extent. I join my friend from New Hampshire in thanking the Senator from South Carolina for addressing this instance; for it gives me an opportunity to say, that the Northern merchants, with homes in Boston, Bristol, Newport, New York and Philadelphia, who catered for Slavery during the years of the slave trade, are the lineal progenitors of the Northern men, with homes in these places, who lend themselves to Slavery in our day; and especially that all, whether North or South, who take part, directly or indirectly, in the conspiracy against Kansas, do but continue the work of the slave traders which you condemn.

If it be true, alas! that our fathers were engaged in this traffic, but that is no apology for it. And in repelling the authority of this example, I repel also the false argument founded on the earlier example of England. It is true that our mother country, at the peace of Utrecht, extorted from Spain the Assiento Contract, securing the monopoly of the slave trade with the Spanish Colonies, as the whole price of all the blood of great victories; that she hugged to the early Stuarts for another release of this execrable traffic; and again at the treaty of Madrid, clung to the wretched piracy. It is true that in this spirit the power of the mother country was penetrated to the same base ends to her American Colonies, against indignant protests from our fathers. All these things now rise up in judgment against her. Let us not follow the Senator from South Carolina to do the very evil to-day which in another generation we condemn.

As the Senator from South Carolina is the Don Quixote, the Senator from Illinois (Mr. Douglas) is the squire of Slavery, its very Sancho Panza, ready to do all its humiliating offices. This Senator, in his labored address, vindicating his labored report—piling one mass of elaborate error upon another mixed—contradicted himself, as you will remember, to make similar declaration of speech. Of that address I have nothing to say at this moment, though before I sit down I shall show something of its fallacies. But I go back now to an earlier occasion, when, true to his native impulses, he threw into this discussion, "for a whereas of powerful trouble," personalities most discreditable to this body. I will not stop to repel the imputations which he cast upon myself, but I recognize them to remind you of the "sweltered venom sleeping got," which, with other poisoned ingredients, he cast into the cauldron of this debate. Of other things I speak standing on this floor, the Senator issued his rescript, requiring submission to the usurped power of Kansas: and this was accompanied by a manner—all his own—such as befits the tyrannical threat.

Very well. Let the Senator try. I tell him now that he cannot enforce any such submission. The Senator, with the Slave Power at his back, is strong, but he is not strong enough for this purpose. He is bold. He shrinks from nothing. Like Danton he may cry, "*Toudace! toudace! toujours l'audace!*" but even his audacity cannot compass this work. The Senator copies the British officer, who, with boastful swagger, said that with the hilt of his sword he could cram the "stamps" down the throats of the American people, and he will meet a similar failure. He may convulse this country with civil feud. Like the ancient madman, he may set fire to this vast Temple of Constitutional Liberty, grander than the Ephesian dome, but he cannot enforce obedience to that tyrannical usurpation.

The Senator dreams that he can subdue the North. He disclaims the open threat, but his conduct still implies it. How little that Senator knows himself, or the strength of the cause which he persecutes! He is but a mortal man: against him is an immortal principle. With finite power he wrestles with the infinite, and he must fall. Against him are stronger battalions than any marshalled by mortal man—the inborn, inexorable, invincible sentiments of the human heart; against him is nature in all her subtle forces; against him is God. Let him try to subdue these.

Mr. Sumner then went on to speak at great length of the crime against Kansas. He then proceeded to consider the apologies made for that crime, and in this connection denounced the false testimony against the Emigrant Aid Society, and defended the latter which he characterized as "an association of sincere benevolence, faithful to the Constitution and laws, whose only fortifications are hotels, school-houses and churches; whose only weapons are saw-mills, tools and books, and whose mission is peace and good will." Every imputation brought against the Society he declared to be baseless. He averred that the Society has violated in no respect the Constitution, or the laws of the land; not in the severest letter or the slightest spirit.

"It is not true," he said, "that men have been hired by the Company to go to Kansas; for every emigrant, who has gone under its auspices, has himself provided the means for his journey. It is not true, as has been complained by the Senator from South Carolina, with that peculiarity to error which marks all his utterances, that men have been sent by the Company 'with one uniform gun, Sharpe's rifle;' for it has supplied no arms of any kind to anybody. It is not true that the Company has encouraged any fanatical aggression upon the people of Missouri; for it has counselled order, peace, forbearance. It is not true that the Company has chosen its emigrants on account of their political opinions; for it has asked no questions with regard to the opinions of any whom it aids, and at this moment stands ready to forward those from the South as well as the North, while in the Territory, all, from whatever quarter, are admitted to an equal enjoyment of its tempting advantages. It is not true that the Company has sent persons merely to control elections, and not to remain in the Territory, for its whole action, and all its anticipation of pecuniary profits, are founded on the hope to stock the country with permanent settlers, by whose labor the capital of the Company shall be made to yield its increase, and by whose fixed interest in the soil, the welfare of all shall be promoted. Sir, it has not the honor of being an Abolition Society, or of numbering among its officers Abolitionists. Its President is a retired citizen of ample means and charitable life, who has taken no part in the conflicts on Slavery, and has never allowed his sympathies to be felt by Abolitionists. One of its Vice Presidents is a gentleman from Virginia, with family and friends there, who has always opposed the Abolitionists. Its generous Treasurer, who is now justly absorbed by the objects of the Company, has always been understood as ranging with his extensive connections, by blood and marriage, on the side of that question which submits to all the tyranny of the Slave Power. Its Directors are more conspicuous for wealth and science than for any activity against Slavery. Among these is an eminent lawyer of Massachusetts, Mr. Chapman—personally known, doubtless, to some who hear me—who has distinguished himself by as sincere conservatism, too natural to the atmosphere of courts, which does not disdain even from the support of the Fugitive Slave Bill.

On May 20th, Mr. Seward made an ineffectual effort to urge the passage of the joint resolution from the House in aid of the Cape de Verd sufferers.

Mr. Sumner resumed his speech on Kansas affairs, and proceeded to consider the various remedies proposed for the crime against Kansas, which he successively considered under different aspects.

Firstly—The remedy of tyranny, in the shape of appropriations and troops to enforce the usurpation. Secondly, the remedy of folly, proposed by the Senator from South Carolina, (Mr. Butler.) Thirdly, the remedy of injustice and civil war, proposed by the Senator from Illinois (Mr. Douglas.) And lastly, the remedy of justice and peace, proposed by the Senator from New York, (Mr Seward) which last would admit Kansas at once with her present population. All the objections to such admission were considered, whether grounded on a want of population, or irregularity of form, and the precedent of Michigan was particularly reviewed. In this connection, Mr. Buchanan's opinions were introduced, who vindicated Michigan on grounds precisely applicable to Kansas. In conclusion, the comparison was drawn between the tyranny of the President in Kansas and the tyranny of King George III. In this connection, Mr. Sumner said:

I am bowed with mortification as I recognize the President of the United States, who should have been a staff to the weak and a shield to the innocent, at the head of this strange oppression. At every stage, the similitude between the wrongs of Kansas and those other wrongs against which our fathers rose, becomes more apparent. Read the Declaration of Independence, and there is hardly an accusation which is there directed against the British Monarch which may not now be directed with increased force against the American President. The parallel has a fearful particularity. Our fathers had complained that the King had "kept among us, in times of peace to harass our people, and eat out their substance;" that "he has combined, with others, to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our Constitution, *giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation*;" that "he had abdicated Government here, by declaring us out of his protection, and *waging war against us*:" that "he had excited domestic insurrection among us, and *endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontier the merciless savages*;" that "our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injury." And this arraignment was aptly followed by the damning words, that "a Prince, whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people." And surely, a President who has done all these things, cannot be less unfit than a Prince. At every stage, the responsibility is brought directly to him. His offence has been both of commission and omission. He has done that which he ought not to have done, and he has left undone that which he ought to have done. By his activity the Prohibition of Slavery was overturned. By his failure to act, the honest emigrants of Kansas have been left a prey to wrong of all kinds. *Nullum fugitivum aridi, nisi per te: nullum fugitivum sinis te.* And now he stands forth the most conspicuous enemy of that unhappy Territory. As the tyranny of the British King to all renewed in the President, so on this floor have the old indignities been renewed which embittered and fomented the trouble of our Fathers. The early petition of the American Congress to Parliament, long before any suggestion of Independence, was opposed—like the petitions of Kansas—because the body was assembled without any requisition on the part of the Supreme Power." Another petition from New York, presented by Edmund Burke, was flatly rejected, as claiming rights derogatory to Parliament. And still another petition from Massachusetts Bay was dismissed as "vexatious and scandalous," while the patriot and philosopher who bore it was exposed to peculiar contumely. Throughout the debates, our Fathers were made the butt of sorry jests and superstitious assumptions. And now these scenes, with these precise objections, have been renewed in the American Senate. With regret, I come again upon the Senator from South Carolina (Mr. Butler) who, on this present in this debate, overflowed with rage at the simple suggestion that Kansas had applied for admission as a State; and, with incoherent phrases, discharged the loose expectoration of his speech, now upon her Representative and then upon her people. There was no extravagance of the ancient Parliamentary debate which he did not repeat; nor was there any possible deviation from truth which he did not make, with so much of passion, I am glad to add, as to save him from the suspicion of intentional aberration. But the Senator touches nothing which he does not disfigure—with error, sometimes of principle, sometimes of fact. He shows an incapacity of accuracy, whether in stating the Constitution or in stating the law, whether in the details of statistics or the diversions of scholarship. He cannot ope his mouth, but out there flies a blunder. Surely, he ought to be familiar with the life of Franklin; and yet he referred to this household character, while acting as agent of our Fathers in England, as above suspicion; and this was done that he might give point to a false contrast with the agent of Kansas—not knowing that, however they may differ in genius and fame, in this experience they are alike; that Franklin, when intrusted with the petition of Massachusetts Bay, was assailed by a foul-mouthed speaker, where he could not be heard in defence, and denounced as a "thief," even as the agent of Kansas has been assailed on this floor, and denounced as a "forger." And let not the vanity of the Senator be inspired by the parallel with the British statesmen of that day: for it is only in hostility to Freedom that any parallel can be recognized. But life against the people of Kansas that the senilities of the Senator are particularly aroused. Coming, as he announces, "from a State"—aye, sir, from South Carolina—he turns with lordly disgust from this newly-formed community, which he will not recognize even as "a body politic." Pray, sir, by what title does he indulge in this sublimity? Has he read the history of "the State" which he represents? He cannot surely have forgotten its shameful imbecility from Slavery, confessed throughout the Revolution, followed by its more shameful assumptions for Slavery since. He cannot have forgotten its wretched persistence in the slave trade as the very apple of its eye, and the condition of its participation in the Union. He cannot have forgotten its Constitution, which is republican only in name, confirming power in the hands of the few, and founding the qualifications of voters on "a settled freehold estate and ten negroes." And yet the Senator, to whom that "State" has in part committed the guardianship of its good name, instead of moving, with backward treading steps, to cover its nakedness, rushes forward in the very ecstasy of madness, to expose it by provoking a comparison with Kansas. South Carolina is old; Kansas is young. South Carolina counts by centuries where Kansas counts by years. But a better example may be born in a day; and I venture to match against the two centuries of the elder "State," may be already not the two years of rude, evolving corresponding virtue, in the younger community. In the one, is the long wail of Slavery; in the other, the hymns of Freedom. And if we glance at special achievements, it will be difficult to find anything in the history of South Carolina which presents so much of heroic spirit in a heroic cause as appears in that republic of the Missouri invaders by the beleaguered town of Lawrence, where even the women gave their effective efforts to Freedom. The matrons of Rome, who poured their jewels into the treasury for the public defence—the wives of Prussia, who, with defiance flowers, clothed their defenders against French invasion—the mothers of our own Revolution, who sent forth their sons, covered over with prayers and blessings, to combat for Human Rights, did nothing of self-sacrifice truer than did those women on this occasion. Were the whole history of South Carolina blotted out of existence, from its very beginning down to the day of the last election of the Senator to his present seat on this floor, civilization might lose—I do not say how little; but surely less than it has already gained by the example of Kansas in its valiant struggle against oppression. And in the development of a new science of emigration. Already in Lawrence alone there are newspapers and schools, including a high school and throughout the Territory there is more academic education than in all Missouri outside of St. Louis and more, far, in proportion to its inhabitants, than in all South Carolina.

In conclusion, Mr. Sumner said:

To overthrow the usurpation in Kansas, is now the special, important duty of Congress, admitting of no hesitation or postponement. To this end it must lift itself from the cabals of candidates, the machinations of party, and the low level of vulgar strife. It must turn from that Slave Oligarchy which now controls the Republic, and refuse to be its tool. Let its power be stretched toward this distant Territory, not to bind, but to unbind; not for the oppression of the weak, but for the subversion of the tyrannical; not for the prop and sustenance of a revolting Usurpation, but for the confirmation of Liberty.

"These are imperial acts, and worthy thee!"

Let it now take its stand between the living and the dead, and cause this plague to be stayed. All this it can do; and if the interests of Slavery did not oppose, all this it would do at once, in reverent regard to Justice, law and order, driving far away all the alarums of war; nor would it dare to brave the shame and punishment of this Great Refusal. But the Slave Power dares anything; and it can be conquered only by the united masses of the People. From Congress to the People, I appeal. Already Public Opinion gathers unwonted forces to scourge the aggressors. In the press, in daily conversation, wherever two or three are gathered together, there the indignant utterance finds vent. And trade, by unerring indications, attests the growing energy. Public credit in Missouri droops. The six per cents of that State, which at par should be 100, have sunk to 84½—thus at once completing the evidence of crime, and affording its punishment. Business is now turning from the Assassins and Thugs that infest the Missouri River on the way to Kansas, to seek some safer avenue. And this, though not unimportant in itself, is typical of greater changes. The political credit of the men who uphold the Usurpation droops even more than the stocks; and the People are turning from all those through whom the Assassins and Thugs have derived their disgraceful immunity. It was said of old, "Cursed be he that removeth his neighbor's Landmark. *And all the people shall say, Amen.*" (*Deut.* xxvii. 17.) Cursed, it is said, in the city, and in the field; cursed in the basket and store; cursed when thou comest in, and cursed when thou goest out. These are terrible imprecations; but if ever any Landmark was sacred, it was that by which an immense Territory was guarded *forever* against Slavery; and if ever such imprecations could justly descend upon any one, they must descend now upon all who, not content with the removal of this sacred Landmark, have since, with criminal complicity, fostered the incursions of the great Wrong against which it was intended to guard. But I utter no imprecations. These are not my words; nor is it my part to add to or subtract from them. But, thanks be to God, they will find a response in the hearts of an aroused People, making them turn from every man, whether President, or Senator, or Representative, who has been engaged in this Crime—especially from those who, cradled in free institutions, are without the apology of education or social prejudice—until of all such those other words of the prophet shall be fulfilled, "I will set my face against that man, and make him a sign and a proverb, and I will cut him off from the midst of my people." (Ezekiah xiv., 8.) Turning thus from the authors of this crime, the People will unite once more with the Fathers of the Republic, in a just condemnation of Slavery—determined especially that it shall find no home in the National Territories—while the Slave Power, to which this crime had its beginning, and by which it is now sustained, will be swept into the abhorred depths of buried Tyrannies.

In this contest, Kansas bravely stands forth—the stripling leader, wrapped in the panoply of American institutions. In calmly meeting and adopting a frame of Government, her people have, with intuitive promptitude, performed the duties of freemen; and when I consider the difficulties by which she was beset, I find dignity in her attitude. *In offering herself for admission into the Union as a* FREE STATE, she presents a single issue *for the people to decide*. And since the Slave Power now stakes on this issue all its ill-gotten supremacy, the people, while vindicating Kansas, will at the same time overthrow this Tyranny. Thus does the contest which she now begins, involve not only Liberty for herself, but for the whole country. God be praised that she did not bend ignobly beneath the yoke! Far away on the prairies she is now battling for the Liberty of all, against the President, who misrepresents all. Everywhere, among those who are not insensible to Right, the generous struggle meets a generous response. From innumerable throbbing hearts go forth the very words of encouragement which, in the sorrowful days of our Fathers, were sent by Virginia, speaking by the pen of Richard Henry Lee, to Massachusetts, in the person of her popular tribune, Samuel Adams:

"CHANTILLY, Va., June 23, 1774.

"I hope the good people of Boston will not lose their spirits under their present heavy oppression, for they will certainly be supported by the other colonies; and the cause for which they suffer is no glorious and so deeply interesting to the present and future generations, that all America will owe, in a great measure, their political salvation to the present virtue of Massachusetts Bay." [American Archives, 4th Series, Vol. 1, p. 446.

In all this sympathy there is strength. But in the cause itself there is another power. Unseen of men, the great spirits of History combat by the side of the people of Kansas, breathing a divine courage. Above all towers the majestic form of Washington once more, as on the bloody field, bidding them to remember those rights of human nature for which the War of Independence was waged. Such a cause, thus sustained, is invincible. It may be crushed to earth for a day, but it will surely rise to gr

Original Novelet.

VIVIA;
OR,
THE SECRET OF POWER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXVI.

Can I bless thee, my beloved,—can I bless thee?
What blessing word can I
From my own tears keep dry?
What flowers grow in my fields wherewith to dress thee?
My goods revert to lil,
My binding-up would break thee,
My crowning cross and hill—
Alas! I can but love thee;
May God bless thee, my beloved! may God bless thee.
—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

The Spring advanced, yet Theodora's friends came not back. Her life seemed pausing, or ebbing. Like a young tree taken up and planted in some ungenial soil and clime, that cannot strike root and grow, but droops and drops its leaves even in Spring, so Theodora, rudely snatched from the dream-life of her study, and dropped down amid the sternest realities of common-place life, drooped in mind and body. The delicate mind so rudely shocked, so severely shaken, trembled nearly into the chaos of insanity; and had she been more selfish, had her sympathies and affections been so introverted as to be concentrated upon her own wrongs and sufferings, the sudden rupture of all her heart-ties, the blight of all her hopes and aspirations must have driven her to insanity. But her sympathies and affections went out to others, making, first bearable, then beautiful, her life; for love creates beauty—goes forth blessing, and returns blessed. "The sorrow of this world worketh death." Selfish sorrow worketh death. And had Theodora's heart been a selfish heart, it must, through its extreme tenderness and sensitiveness, have broken under such trials; but it was a loving heart, and its sympathies went forth in kindness to all around her. There are two sorts of sensibility, one that is only an intensity of self-love, and another that is a quickness of sympathy. The first will magnetize to itself only evil where much is good. The last will attract the good.

Thus Theodora could not be offended at the unconventional manners, and the ungrammatical language of her rugged mother-in-law; to her apprehension, there was a certain quaint picturesqueness in the old lady's manners and conversation, while she gave the greatest respect to that thorough honesty of heart and life, and that predominant devotion to her grandchildren that had inspired and supported her through an old age of unremitting toil.

Before dawn, old Mrs. Wildman would be up and out, blowing her horn to rouse up her laborers, and would spend two or three hours before breakfast in trudging from field to field, and "seeing with her own eyes" that they did not neglect their work. Then she would come in to attend to the coffee and hot rolls. After breakfast, she would give out provisions for dinner, and then go out to the field again, and remain overseeing and directing her laborers until noon. Then in again, tired, heated, and nearly worn out. Now had not Basil and Helen been habituated, from infancy, to this sight, they never could have looked upon it with so much indifference. But, "Habit is second nature." To Theodora's unaccustomed eyes, this was shocking. And soon she was irresistibly drawn out to give the old woman such aid and comfort as her own fragile frame could afford. Against her coming in at noon, Theodora would have her large flag-bottomed arm chair placed at the shadiest window, and a basin of water and a towel brought, and a tumbler of wine and water prepared; and when the old lady appeared at the door, panting, and nearly fainting with fatigue, she would go and relieve her of her walking stick and her sun-bonnet, and take her to the chair. And poor old Mrs. Wildman, totally unaccustomed to any such consideration from her family, would be as much embarrassed as pleased by this attention, and would say, as she sunk breathless into the seat, and received the glass of cool sangaree—

"Thanky, child, thanky. Don't trouble yourself so much about me, child. I aint been used to it, you know; and maybe when I do get to looking for it like, then you might get tired offerin' it."

"No, it is a pleasure to me, and I never should get tired of doing this trifle for you—such a trifle! hardly enough to prove my good will to do more if I could."

"La! poor child, what could you do? You mustn't think how any of us expects it of you!" said old Mrs. Wildman, at that moment freely forgiving Theodora her supposed uselessness.

Theodora's kindness did not stop there. In many ways a less loving heart would not have found she was enabled to help and comfort the old lady, and all so quietly and unobtrusively, too, that none but the recipient of her good offices, and Basil, who never was indifferent where Theodora was concerned, perceived them.

"Why do you take so much trouble for grandmother, Dora—*she* don't care for comforts like other people, she is not used to them."

"Oh! Basil, she is so old and works so hard! and *been* so hard!"

"Bless you, daughter! she doesn't care! Mother don't mind! She's used to it."

"Mother don't mind! and 'she's used to it!' Oh, Basil, has her long, long labors and self-denial and patience so blinded you? Have you so missed their teachings? Because she seldom complains, do you think that she never suffers? Because she does not give up, do you think she never exhausts her strength? Think! seventy years old!" said Theodora, looking earnestly into Basil's face, and conveying more by that look than by many words.

The tears sprang into Basil's eyes.

"Indeed, daughter, I never once thought about it in that light, never! I'm afraid I've been a very great brute, Theodora. But, please the Lord, I won't be so any longer. I'll try little by little to shift the burthen entirely off her shoulders on to my own; she would not trust me all at once; she has got in the habit of thinking me untrustworthy—and with good reason, I am afraid, Theodora."

Basil was as good as his word. From that day forth there was no more negligence. He rose with the dawn, summoned and set his people to work, and remained with them. The old lady at first believed this only a spasmodic effort on the part of Basil, who had never before attempted to take the direction of affairs, but had always confined his labor on the farm to driving a team, helping in harvest time, and "doing jobs." She thought this new interest would not last long. But she was mistaken. It did last, and Basil, who, from a newly awakened sense of duty had entered upon the work, continued it because he began also to feel interest and pleasure in the task.

Theodora saw nothing ridiculous in Miss Elizabeth's quaint family pride, but respected its better fruits, such as that liberality of heart and mind, which in the midst of privation could not realize poverty, but quietly persisted in dispensing bounty, and that exquisite personal neatness that threw over her cheapest and coarsest of garments the air of elegance and refinement. And she honored that pure benevolence that rendered her so careful never to wound the feelings of others, and that persevering industry that kept her at her sewing-table, day after day the year around, for the benefit of the family. Theodora soon drew a second chair to Miss Elizabeth's solitary work-table and asked for sewing.

"Pray, do not trouble yourself to assist me, my dear. The work is not pressing, nor am I hurried."

"But I am lonesome and do not know what to do with myself, Miss Elizabeth."

"Oh! in that case, I will cheerfully lay aside my sewing and walk or ride with you."

"By no means, dear Miss Elizabeth. I feel like sitting down and sewing and talking with you, if it will not disturb you."

"Disturb me, my dear? It would both assist and enliven me. The only consideration is yourself."

"Oh! it will do me good."

Miss Elizabeth was making up summer clothing for the negro women. She took the skirt of a striped cotton gown from the basket of cut-out work at her side, and handed it to Theodora. And the two were soon busily engaged. And from that day Theodora spent her forenoons at Miss Elizabeth's work table; Miss Nelly Patroit remaining near, because in the presence of "Mrs. Basil," as she now called her, she enjoyed certain immunity from torment by Helen, who had discovered that her persecutions of that poor, eccentric creature were annoying to Theodora, and who, strange as it may appear, would do nothing to disturb her young sister-in-law. Indeed, next to Basil, Helen was the most solicitious for Theodora's comfort and happiness. There was nothing that Helen would not do to please and cheer Theodora. Often, the latter raising her eyes suddenly, would meet the wistful gaze of Helen fixed sorrowfully, remorsefully upon herself. And once, at that very table, where Helen, for a wonder, had drawn up a third chair and put on her thimble to help Miss Elizabeth and Tocodora to finish a piece of work, she suddenly inquired of the latter—

"Theodora, don't you think some people do wrong because they cannot possibly help it? because it is their nature to *do so*? even as it is the nature of all created things to yield fruit after their kind? Can the crab-apple help being sour? or the aloe bitter? the nettle prickly? or the deadly night-shade poisonous? And can certain human creatures help being fiery, passionate and self-willed as their natures oblige them to be? Pray answer me, I asked for your opinion."

Theodora could not answer on the spur of the moment. She knew well enough what the answer should be, but how to put her thoughts in words? She could have painted a scene on canvas that would have represented it better than her words could convey it.

"You do not answer me, Theodora. Then I suppose I am right."

"No, you are wrong! Persons of the temperament you speak of, may not be able to prevent the *impulses* of passion and self-will, but they are able *at first* to resist them. If, however, they choose to persuade themselves that these impulses are destinies, not to be resisted, of course, by indulgence, they become irresistible. 'God is not mocked,' and neither has He mocked us, by leaving us exposed to more evil within and without, than we can by His grace, control."

For all answer Helen sighed deeply; but presently, laughing recklessly and throwing down the coarse shirt she was at work upon, she said she believed that she would go to the post office and see if there were letters, and, going to the door, she called Jim and bade him saddle Kit and bring her to the house.

And soon Helen had donned her riding-skirt and hat and mounted the family nag, and was galloping on her road up to Eyrie. Three powers moved her to that expedition. Compunction that drove her away from the sight of Theodora's deathly pale and sad, though loving face; the restless desire for motion, and lastly, a presentiment that attracted her to the post office.

A presentiment, that for a wonder, did not deceive her; for there was a foreign letter directed in the handwriting of Austin Malmaison to Basil Wildman—such a huge letter—that the longer she looked at it, the more wonderful it seemed.

She put whip to her horse and let no grass grow under his feet until she was home again.

She sprang from her saddle, called Jim, threw him the reins, and ran into the kitchen where the family were all gathered around the supper-table. She was determined that there should be no concealments and suppressions of *this* packet, so she laid it down before Basil, in sight of all, saying,

"There, Blaise! there is a most astonishing packet from 'foreign parts,' as Miss Parrot calls the sunrise side of the world. Do open it at once, and tell us all about it."

While the family looked on with the most intense interest, Basil opened the great envelope. It contained four other packets—three of them were letters, and the fourth was a large engrossed and folded paper of several pages. Two of the letters, Basil, on glancing at, put quietly into his pocket; and to the questions and remonstrances of Helen and his grandmother, he answered—"By-and-bye! By-and-bye," and proceeded to unfold and look over the engrossed paper; and then his face deeply flushed, and seizing the remaining letter, he hastily opened and read it—then dropping both, he covered his face with his hands, burst into tears, started up and left the table. All arose in dismay, and followed him.

"What is it? For the Lord's sake, what is it? Have you got into any new trouble, Basil?" asked the poor old woman, who was the first to find her voice.

"No, mother, no ma'am—no trouble at all. Joy for you."

"Basil? Joy? What joy? Will Ingot and Co. buy the wheat? Well now! what makes you go on so! What is the matter?"

"Oh! nothing—it is nothing but just a goodness and a generosity; yes! a magnanimity that leaves me nothing to say or to do! that just crushes me! Here! read this—but stop—wait one minute," said Basil, going up to Theodora, who had lingered near the table, and taking the first two letters from his pocket, he said, "My little Dora, here is your part of the mail. Go to your room and read them, while I satisfy mother—afterwards I will tell you all about it."

Theodora eagerly clasped her prizes—and thanking Basil with a look, escaped to her own room to peruse them.

When she was gone, Basil snatched up the paper and the letter from the table on which he had let them fall, and hurrying back to where his grandmother and sister stood, he exclaimed, hastily, excitedly,

"Oh! think of it! only think of it! I married the girl he loved—and—look at his revenge!"

Helen grew very pale, and grasped the back of the chair behind which she stood, while Basil opened the letter.

"Lord have mercy upon us! He's of age now, and he's again to put the screws to us for the rent o' this here plantation just for revenge!" cried the poor old lady, sinking down upon the chair where Helen leaned, and throwing her checked apron over her face, as was her wont when she was going to weep.

"Do you think that is it, Helen?" asked Basil.

"No," said Helen, paler than ever.

"Listen now! how vindictive he is, mother," said Basil.

"I wouldn't a believed it of him!" exclaimed the old lady, sobbing.

"Hear, then!" said Blaise, reading:

HOTEL D'A——, RUE DE V——, PARIS.

My dear old school-mate:

Will you receive the congratulations of a rejected suitor, forgetting that he was such? and remembering only that he always has been and ever will be your own and Theodora's warm well-wisher? And as a testimonial of his earnest regard, will you accept the accompanying deed for the farm, your own patrimony, that, had your present correspondent been of legal age to convey it, would long since have been restored to you? In the autumn I shall go to the "Orient"—but my address for some months to come will be at Paris, where I shall be very happy to receive letters from you and Theodora. Vivia joins me in cordial respect to your excellent mother and her family. We have both, as you see, written to Theodora. Your old classmate and ever friend,

AUSTIN.

"There! that is Austin's revenge! And here is the deed!" exclaimed Basil.

"The Lord forgive me my harsh thoughts!" ejaculated the old lady, clasping her hands.

"Not one word—not one thought for me! I am bundled in with the 'family' along with Miss Nelly Parrot and the rest. And, after all, he is not coming back; but is purposing to travel in the East, out of my reach! this is beyond human power, and human endurance, as much! Oh, for some potent magician's wand to compel him back again! I have sold my soul on trust, but sooner or later I will have its price!" muttered Helen, behind her whitened lips, as she left the room.

"It was generous, it was noble in Austin; but I ought not to accept it, mother," said Basil.

Miss Elizabeth, who, during the reading of the letter, had been engaging the attention of Miss Nelly Parrott at the other end of the room, now, at a signal from the old lady, came forward, and was informed of the affair. And then Basil went to seek Theodora.

Theodora had, meanwhile, gained the seclusion of her own little room in the east gable end of the farm-house; had sunk into a seat near the only window, and had examined the superscription of her two letters. The first one, directed in the handwriting of Austin Malmaison, was hastily, with its seal unbroken, laid aside. The second, from Vivia, was immediately opened and read. Theodora perceived, through the tone of this letter, that the untoward circumstances of her hapless marriage were intuitively known to Vivia, for, delicately as the lady dealt with this most difficult subject, the spirit of this communication, addressed to the recipient's deepest needs of thought and affection, was of that divine alchemic power that transmutes all suffering to benefit. It informed her that the humbler, Christ-like work of her mortal sorrow was the regeneration and immortal happiness of a now earth-bound spirit, to be delivered and uplifted by his pure love for her. And that the eternal good uses of this present life were of infinitely greater importance than its transient and illusory happiness. We have space only for a few necessary extracts from that letter, that gave so much of comfort and strength to the fainting spirit, chilled heart, and clouded mind of Theodora.

"We had hoped," she wrote, "to have been at home long before this, dearest Theodora. But an affair of Mrs. Malmaison, of which in time you will be informed, has still detained us in this city, where the news of your marriage has taken us very much by surprise. * * * * * * You cannot doubt how sincerely and earnestly both Austin and myself desire and pray for your happiness. But to be as happy as we wish you, our dear one, you must, while fulfilling your destiny on this planet, look to that spirit-world where the mistakes of this earth are corrected, the sorrows of this earth sanctified to good and joy, and the innocent gladness hereof crowned with immortality—that bright and blessed spirit-world we are all fast approaching. * * * * * * No suffering is without its good uses, and no real evil can come to any human being except through their own co-operation. Faith in the Lord, hope in the future, love to your fellow creatures, are the antidotes for all forms of evil. Suffering is not an evil, inasmuch as it is not without benefit to ourselves or to others. We suffer not only by and through, but—the Lord be praised!—*for* our fellow-beings also. * * * * * * I read your strange destiny thus—a spirit so heavily clay-bound, that he can lift his eyes no higher towards the heavens than the level of your lovely face, is committed to your spirit for deliverance and development. Strange! but on this planet often seen, reversal of woman's aspiring love!—But it is willed, at least permitted, for 'the end is not yet.' 'Be thou faithful unto *death*,' saith our Lord, 'and I will give thee the crown of life.' 'Delight thyself also in the Lord, and He shall give thee (notice it, Theodora!) *the desire of thy heart*. Commit thy way unto the Lord, and trust also in Him, and (again notice it, Theodora!) *He shall bring it to pass*,' singeth the inspired Psalmist. 'The crown of life,' 'the desire of thy heart,' the abundant fruition of *every* duty—immolated, earth-deferred affection and aspiration shall be yours, *are* yours, waiting in the safe keeping of the Lord! * * * * * * * The pure love that has sprung for you from the depths of that strong, rugged heart, is the golden clue to lead his spirit heavenward. Hate not, lest you sink with him; love, that he may rise with you! * * * Austin has written to you by this same mail. I have a prevision that you will lay his letter aside unread. Do not so. His letter is worthy of him and of you. Read it. And now forgive me, dear one, that I have, for your own sake, and for the first and last time, written freely of your *present* circumstances."

Pressing this letter closely to her heart, Theodora turned her head and wept a little. Then she put it in her bosom as some blessed relic and talisman against evil, and took up and opened Austin's letter. It was much shorter, but quite as considerate and affectionate as Vivia's had been.

"I write now, dear Theodora, only to place our future relations in the clear light of truth and friendship. Forget the rash proposal you lately received from me, while I shall forget the rejection it was fated to meet. I am going to travel in the East. Vivia will probably be of the party. In the long years that must elapse before we meet, I entreat you to consider me, what in deed and in truth I am—your own and Basil's sincere and earnest friend and brother, and to be so generous as to permit me to prove that friendship by serving you both as opportunity presents itself. * * * * Write or not 'as the spirit moves' you, dear Theodora, I should be happy to get a letter from you; but if I do not, as in any case, I cannot but ascribe the best motives to your course." * * * * * *

There was but little more. She had folded the letter and was dreaming over it, when a gentle rap at the door caught her attention. She knew the rap—no one ever rapped so gently as that except Basil.

"Come in," she said. And he entered.

"Oh! Dora, you have not finished your letters yet," he said, moving to retreat.

"Oh! yes I have. Remain. I have read Vivia's. And here is Austin's. Look at it if you please."

Basil took it, and with a fluctuating color glanced over it. Then in silence he returned it to her. And next he took his own letter from his pocket, and sitting down before Theodora, read it aloud to her, and then displayed the deed of conveyance. The warm tears were streaming from Theodora's eyes. She made no other comment.

"I have never seen generosity like this," faltered Basil.

Still Theodora wept.

Suddenly Basil threw himself on his knees before her, took her hands in his own, looked deprecatingly, prayerfully in her face, and entreated—

"Dora! dearest Dora! tell me—tell one who loves you more than his own life and soul—did you love *him*?"

Her tears now came with sobs that shook her whole frame.

"Did you, Dora?"

"Forbear that question—let it pass, Basil," she sobbed.

"May God give me a short life!" cried Basil, dropping the hands he had held. The ejaculation was so earnest, so despairing, that its very passion drew Theodora out of herself. Lifting her white hands, she put them around that rough head bent near her, and drew it to her heart and bowed her own face over it, until her cheeks lay amid those dishevelled locks—and with gentler flowing tears, she murmured,

"Basil—dear Basil, be patient as heretofore with me and with our fate—I love you with a sister's tenderest love,—wait and trust in me—will you not?"

"I will—indeed I will!—it is a sort of religion to trust in you, Theodora," Basil replied, lifting his head and rising from his position.

"What a merciful gift of God *tears* are," said Theodora, smiling and wiping away her own, "next to sleep they are nature's best restorer."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MONMOUTH.

Why, at the Jersey homestead gate
From the Sunday morning, bright and still,
Through the glowing noon, till the day grows late,
Do the women stand, and watch, and wait,
And gaze across the piny hill?

Around it leads the dusty way,
But lone and silent all it lies—
No church bell calls to list and pray,
No tottering children walk to-day
Beneath the torrid summer skies.

Hark! in the distance, dull and low,
The cannon's palpitating roar!
Too well the anxious listeners know
Fathers and brothers face the foe—
They marched at daybreak from the door.

Our father oft and oft again
Told how that famous day was passed—
The charge across the sandy plain—
The wild retreat by field and lane—
The rally and success at last!

Then, while the firelight chased the gloom,
We claimed our mother's tale as well—
How, in her open-windowed room,
She sat and heard each sullen boom—
And thought at each her husband fell!

Brave, simple hearts! ah, long ago
The hands that fought, the lips that told,
Were laid in western churchyards low;
And we, whose childish cheeks would glow
To hear their words, are gray and old!

—*Criterion.*

TO WORKMEN.—A hint for workmen in poor health, who have to rise early, and to walk any great distance before breakfast:—Into the bottom of a tumbler or sugar-basin put the yolk of two eggs (when they are cheap), and mill them up into a froth, with some powdered lump sugar or brown sugar; then fill the tumbler or basin with boiling coffee, and you will have a "before breakfast" fit for a king, and on the strength of which you may defy malaria, or a ten miles' walk. I write this for the "delicate," as health is everything with them, for themselves and families, and it is far better than taking the morning dram or glass of beer; and it is a cheaper and far better tonic than can be purchased at the doctor's shop. Engineers on railways agree that coffee is the very best thing to take early in the morning. Plumbers and painters should drink "pure unadulterated" milk, as it counteracts the poisonous fumes of their business.

COOKING WITHOUT FIRE.

A patent has been granted to Mr. W. W. Albro, of Binghampton, N. Y., for a contrivance for cooking without fire. We present above an engraving of the invention.

The required caloric is generated by the employment of lime and water. Between these two substances, there is a strong chemical affinity, and when they are brought in contact, in the proper proportions, they unite with such rapidity and energy as to develope an intense heat. No decomposition takes place, and therefore no gas escapes; thus heat is produced without combustion.

Our engraving represents a cooking apparatus intended for family use. A is a tin vessel in which sits another dish, A', not quite as large, the space between being filled with coffee or tea; B is a faucet for drawing off the liquid. A thin layer of quick-lime is deposited upon the bottom of A', and if potatoes or apples are to be roasted, they are placed on top of the lime. A shallow dish or tray, C, fits the top of A'; in this tray the beef-steak and other articles to be cooked are placed, and covered with double covers, D, E. Attached to the bottom of tray C is a perforated pipe, G, which connects with tube G'. The water is poured through the funnel into the perforated pipe, and falls in a shower upon the lime. Heat begins to generate immediately, and in a few minutes all the various commodities are seething away, the same as if they had a hot fire beneath them. The heat continues for half an hour or an hour, according to the quantity of lime used.

"During an experiment made in our office, the other day, with one of these contrivances," says the Scientific American, "we cooked a slice of ham, stewed a dish of sliced apples, baked some other apples, and boiled a quantity of water, all at once, at a consumption of perhaps a quarter of a cent's worth of lime."

The inventor makes several different sizes; the largest does not exceed a lady's band-box; among them is the dinner pail pattern, so arranged that the mechanic, when noon time arrives, has only to pour a half a pint or so of water into his pail, in order to cook a warm dinner. The lime and edibles are, of course, arranged at home. Patented March 4th, 1856. Address the inventor for further information.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR MAY.

The proclamation of peace has given the signal for a series of fetes of all descriptions, notwithstanding which we have nothing new in the ball-dresses, which denotes rather a prolongation of the season than the commencement of a new one. The marriages which usually take place in spring are more numerous than hitherto, since the conclusion of a peace. But to describe the splendor of these rich *corbeilles de mariage* is impossible: two wagons were hardly sufficient to carry the rich *corbeille* of Mdlle. de Rigny, the bride of M. de Hearn; besides the *corbeilles* of Mdlle. la Princesse Czartoryska, Mdlle. de Montebello, Mdlle. Leon, Mdlle. de Sancy and others.

Nevertheless, attention is turned towards the new spring modes. Bonnets are nearly the same—the passe is very small, the curtain very large; the long ends of the ribbons fall over the shoulders. A *modiste's* establishment has produced an invention for preventing the bonnet from falling too far back; it consists of a little imperceptible gauze fixed in the passe of the bonnet, and which produces the desired effect, obviating the employment of pins.

Among the bonnets we have noticed the last few days are a *chapeau a fond vert* of green taffetas sewed upon a passe of Italian straw, traversed by a black velvet which ties above the curtain and falls behind; roses mingled with white *tulle d'illusion* ornament the inside of the bonnet. Chapeau of white *tulle illusion*, blanc *coulisse*, and in each *coulisse a biais* of taffetas rose; on each side of the passe are groups of rose-colored feathers, and on one side of the head a tuft of primroses of the same shade. Chapeau of lilacs and white lace, with a flower of *iris fantastique*. For little girls there are *Chapeaux Pamela*, ornamented with large knots of floating velvet, or with garden flowers of every shade. The beautiful *coiffures Peruviennes* of flowers which attracted so much attention at the Exhibition have since come quite the fashion. Their freshness and lightness render them well adapted for summer ornaments; their opaque white harmonizes admirably with the *paille de riz*. Flowers and feathers will be much worn this summer. In the *corbeille* of the Margravine of Bavaria were three parasols—one with an ivory handle covered over with rose-colored *moire*, and again with English point lace—the second had an ebony handle, inlaid with silver, and was of sky-blue taffetas covered with a thread tissue *d'aloes Chinois*; the third was covered with maroon *moire antique*, with a sprinkling of *pois d'or*. The fringe was half of maroon silk and half gold.

Among head-dresses we hear much of the *courronne Histori*, apropos to her great success in *Medea*. This crown is composed of silk oak-leaves, shaded with red; the golden and green Acorns are grouped in this foliage, and gold *fiserons* form behind a sort of floating knot, that fall upon the shoulders.

Robes are worn as full as ever; the sleeves preserve their open form, and the corsages their basques, more or less long. The skirts are either quite plain, or covered by five or seven flounces reaching to the waist; but robes with the same number of flounces, only as far as the middle of the skirt, and leaving the upper part completely untrimmed, are no longer in fashion. Of the robes and mantelets, the patterns are not yet quite decided.

Chapeau of white taffetas, with crisped feathers upon the edge of the passe, the lower part of the head of *tulle illusion*, edged with narrow white blonde.

Mantelet of white muslin, embroidered upon the four, and with wide scallops. At the head of the trimming are little silken knots. Robe *en taffetas quadrille*, white ground with stripes of *verte d'Italy*; the skirt has five flounces, with round scallops, which are themselves trimmed with a narrow silk binding, also scalloped.

Girl.—Straw hat, the passe covered with a network of fine velvet. A knot of roses upon the side of the passe, and another above the bavolet, with long hanging ends. Skirt of *moire antique*, and an over corsage, fitting closely, of black or colored velvet, to match the skirt. The corsage is made *a bretelles*, and *a bouquet basques*; is open on both sides, but held in by a series of little jets, with which also are trimmed the edges of the basques, braces, and sleeves.

Robe of *gros de Naples*: the skirt has three flounces, with satin patterns upon the edges. The corsage, closed in front, is ornamented with a ruche, which falls to the bottom of the waist, and separates in front, to form the basques. Each point of the corsage is ornamented with a ribbon of the same kind. An *echarpe* mantelet covers the shoulders.

Chapeau of white rice-straw, trimmed with flowers. Robe of barege, white ground, with garlands of maroon flowers. The *corsage ajusté* is ornamented with a round basquine, the edge of which is trimmed with three *fringes—Tom Pouce* maroon matched to the shade of the flowers of the robe. The sleeve has a first flounce at the elbow, and a second little lower trimmed with the same, as are also the five flounces that cover the skirt of the robe.

WAS DEFOE THE AUTHOR OF "ROBINSON CRUSOE?"—"Mem. Jul. 10, 1774.—In the year 1759, I was told by the Rev. Mr. Benjamin Holloway, Rector of Middleson Stony, in Oxfordshire, then about seventy years old, and in the early part of his life domestic chaplain to Lord Sunderland, that he had often heard Lord Sunderland say that Lord Oxford, while a prisoner in the Tower of London, wrote the first volume of the 'History of Robinson Crusoe,' merely as an amusement under confinement, and gave it to Daniel Defoe, who frequently visited Lord Oxford in the Tower, and was one of his pamphlet-writers; that Defoe, by Lord Oxford's permission, printed it as his own; and, encouraged by its extraordinary success, added himself the second volume, the inferiority of which is generally acknowledged. Mr. Holloway also told me from Lord Sunderland, that Lord Oxford dictated some parts of the manuscript to Defoe. Mr. Holloway was a grave, conscientious clergyman, not vain of telling anecdotes; very learned, particularly a good Orientalist; author of some theological tracts; bred at Eton School, and a Master of Arts of St. John's College, Cambridge. He lived many years with great respect in Lord Sunderland's family, and was tutor to the late Duke of Marlborough. He died, as I recollect, about the year 1761. He used to say that 'Robinson Crusoe,' at its first publication, and for some time afterwards, was universally received and credited as a genuine history. A fictitious narrative of that sort was then a new thing." A portion of the above, but without giving the authority, formed a communication to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, many years since, under the signature of W. W.* As I have recently found it in a memorandum-book of Thomas Warton, the poet, I have given it without curtailment.—*Raymond Delacourt.*

THE DUKE OF ALVA'S MASSACRES IN HOLLAND.—"It is not without reluctance," writes Mr. Motley, is a passage which might be written in letters of gold, when relating, out of Alva's correspondence, the massacre at Naarden,—"it is not without reluctance, but still with a stern determination, that the historian should faithfully record these transactions. To extenuate would be base; to exaggerate impossible. It is good that the world should not forget how much wrong has been endured by a single nation at the hands of despotism, and in the sacred name of God. There have been tongues and pens enough to narrate the excesses of the people bursting from time to time out of slavery into madness; it is good too that those crimes should be remembered and freshly pondered; but is equally wholesome to study the opposite picture. Tyranny, ever young and ever old—constantly reproducing herself with the same stony features—with the same imposing mask which she has worn through all the ages, can never be too minutely examined, especially when she paints her own portraits, and when the secret history of her guilt is furnished by the confessions of her lovers. The perusal of her traits will not make us love popular liberty the less."

THE THREE VOICES.

What saith the Past to thee? *Weep!*
Truth is departed,
Beauty hath died like the dream of a sleep,
Love is faint-hearted;
Trifles of sense, the profoundly unreal,
Scare from our spirits God's holy ideal;
So, as a funeral-bell, slow and deep,
So tolls the past to thee. Weep!

How speaks the Present Hour? *Act!*
Walk, upward glancing,
So shall thy footsteps in glory be tracked,
Slow but advancing.
Scorn not the smallness of daily endeavor,
Let the great meaning ennoble it ever,
Droop not o'er efforts expended in vain,—
Work as believing that labor is gain.

What doth the Future say? *Hope!*
Turn thy face sunward,
Look where light fringes the far-distant slope,—
Day cometh onward!
Watch! though so long be the twilight delaying,
Let the first sunbeams arise on thee, praying;
Fear not! for greater is God by thy side
Than the armies of Satan against thee allied.

NOTING SIGNS.—Some persons are always noting signs, a few of which we will interpret:

To hear a death-watch denotes that there is a little insect near you.

A ringing in your ear denotes that you have taken a cold.

To see strange sights or hear dismal sounds is a sign there is something to cause them, or that your head or nervous system is disordered.

To have frightful dreams is a sign that you ate too much supper.

To see an apparition, or to be bewitched, is an incontestible evidence that you are either feverish or lacking common sense.

A GRAND FIGURE.—In a discourse on the "Religious aspect of the sea," by the Rev. E. H. Chapin, he refers to vessels lost on the ocean last winter, as follows:—

"Where are they? Do they still float, shattered and beaten from 'their desired haven?' Or are they anchored in some calm and sunny port? Or are they enclosed in icy walls, that shall thicken around them and build above them with wondrous architecture, whitening in snow-storm and flashing in the sun, a magnificent sarcophagus, that will wander with them from latitude to latitude, and open its crystal floor at last to let them drop, amid pearls, and coral, and rainbow tapestry, in some chamber of the deep?"

CONVENIENCE.—If two angels were sent down from Heaven, one to conduct an empire, and the other to sweep the streets, they would feel no inclination to change employments.—*Newton.*

Useful Receipts.

FRENCH WAY OF MAKING COFFEE.—Let your coffee be dry, not in the least mouldy or damaged; divide the quantity that is to be roasted into two parts; roast the first part in a coffee-roaster, the handle must be constantly turning until the coffee becomes of a dried almond color or bread raspings, and has lost one-eighth of its weight; roast the second part until it becomes the fine brown color of chestnut, and has lost one-fifth of its weight; mix the two parts together, and grind them in a coffee-mill; do not roast or make your coffee until the day it is wanted. To two ounces of ground put four cups of cold water, and then drain off this infusion and put it aside; put to the coffee which remains in the biggin three cups of boiling water, then drain it off and add it to that which has been put on one side; by this method you obtain three cups more; when your coffee is wanted, heat it quickly in a silver coffee-pot, taking care not to let it boil, that the perfume may not be lost by undergoing any evaporation.

OYSTER BROTH.—Those fond of oyster broth, and being where the bivalves cannot be obtained, may procure a very respectable substitute as follows:—Pick into small bits a piece of codfish, the thick part being preferable; to a teacupfull of the fish put two quarts of boiling water; season with butter, pepper and salt to taste, and eat it hot with crackers. It is almost equal to oysters, and much cheaper food, and is a harmless and palatable dish for invalids.

RATS.—A good rat trap may be made by filling a smooth kettle to within six inches of the top with water, and covering the surface with chaff. The first chap who gets in makes an outcy because he cannot get out, and the rest coming to see what the matter is, share the same fate.

HOW TO CLEAN MATTING.—Straw matting should be cleaned with a large course cloth, dipped in salt and water, and carefully wiped dry. The salt prevents the matting from turning yellow.

HOME-MADE BEER.—Make one gill of good hop yeast, two teaspoonfuls of brown sugar, half a teaspoonful of soda, the same of acid, eight drops of the essence of sassafras, the same of winter green, and four of the essence of spruce; beat it well together, then pour on two quarts of cold water, and you will have a good, healthy, cheap drink, for sick or well folks. The way I make my yeast: Boil a handful of hops in two quarts water half an hour; strain off the water, and stir in the flour while hot, and one tablespoonful of brown sugar, and a teaspoonful of ginger, when milk warm add half a pint of good yeast.—*Ohio Farmer.*

DOOR KNOBS.—To secure the paint around them when cleaning, place a piece of pasteboard with a hole cut to encircle them, and a slit to slip on.

REASONS WHY COFFEE IS NOT WELL MADE.—The berries are frequently too rapidly roasted, their proper color being that of cinnamon. 2d. The coffee is ground too fine. 3rd. Not enough coffee is used. 4th. It is usually overboiled, by which means the bitter principle is extracted from the berries, and little or no pains are taken to clarify it.

TO INCREASE THE QUANTITY OF CREAM.—Have ready two pans in boiling water; and on the new milk coming to the dairy, take the hot pans out of the water, put the milk into one, and cover it with the other. This will occasion great increase of thickness and quality of the cream.—*Miss Hall's Book.*

WASHING SILVER WARE.—It seems that housekeepers who wash their silver ware with soap and water, as the common practice is, do not know what they are about. The proprietor of one of the oldest silver establishments in the city of Philadelphia, says that "housekeepers ruin their silver by washing it in soap suds; it makes it look like pewter. Never put a particle of soap about your silver; then it will retain its original lustre. When it wants polish take a piece of soft leather and whiting, and rub it hard."

WASHING PRINTS.—I will send you a recipe for washing prints, to prevent their fading. My better half says she has tried it, and knows it will keep the worst colors from fading. *Recipe*—To wash prints, delaines and lawns, that will fade by using soap—make a starch water similar to starch made to starch prints with, and wash in two waters without any soap—rinse in clean water. If there is green, dissolve a little alum and put in the starch water.—*Country Gentleman.*

FRUIT IN CANS—PIE-PLANT, &c.—Putting up fruits, &c., in sealed cans is not always successful, as many know from experience. Green corn has often been tried, and generally without success. The Ohio Cultivator says, "Others have a more sad experience in canning rhubarb and pie-plant, which contains so much oxalic acid, that on being used from the cans has nearly been the death of whole families. Keeping in this way seems to give more virulence to its poisonous qualities, which are comparatively harmless when the plant is used fresh from the garden." Sealed glass bottles are much better than metalic cans for this purpose.

A REMEDY FOR MOTHS.

A friend sends us the following excellent article, which first appeared in one of the religious papers:

"We were examining our wardrobe after the summer, and found to our surprise and grief, many of our choicest articles of apparel sadly damaged by the moths. In the midst of our trouble, and the discussion as to the modes of protection against moths, which had been handed down by tradition, Aunt Julia came in.

"'Aunt Julia, how do you keep your winter clothing from the moths?' we both asked eagerly, as that good lady proceeded to lay aside her handsome shawl, which looked as fresh as ever, after seven years' wear.

"'I used to suffer from moths as much as any one,' replied Aunt Julia, taking her knitting from her little basket, and sitting down; 'but I found a recipe in an old-fashioned book, which has relieved me of much solicitude on the subject. It was many years before I could be persuaded to try it. In my young days, money was not quite so plenty as now, but provisions were cheap, and a farmer's daughter began her married life better supplied with linen, blankets, and bed-quilts, than many a jewel decked city belle. As I was an only daughter, and was not married too young, a noble pile of blankets, feather-beds, bed-quilts, &c., became my portion. For many years after we removed to the city, I used to dread my summer's work of airing the beds, and packing away the home-made blankets and quilts, stuffed with softest down. I tried snuff, tobacco, camphor, pepper and cedar chips, and yet, as we changed our place of residence several times, some colony of moths, old squatters among the beams of the garret, in some unobserved scrap of woollen cloth, would perforate tiny holes in my choicest possessions.'

"'Why, Aunt Julia, I thought you had a cedar closet.'

"'Yes, when we moved into our new house; but by that time my closet was too small for my increased wealth, and till I used this recipe, I seldom passed a year without some moth holes, but now I have not seen one in nine years.'

"'What was it, aunt? Have you the book? or can you repeat it from your memory? It is too late to save these things, but I will write it down, and try it next spring.' So saying, Anna took out her little recipe book and pencil, while Aunt Julia prepared to record the moth preventive.

"The book was an old one, with the title obliterated, and the title page worn out by some careless child, but the directions were these:—

"'Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt; but lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal.'

"'Oh, Aunt Julia, is that all? How does that help the matter?'

"'Wait Anna, and hear my story out. One day, as I was mourning over my choicest blankets, eaten by the moths, and airing my down bed-quilts and feather beds, which had been rendered obsolete by the introduction of spring mattresses, as I stood ready to cry with vexation to see my choicest articles eaten in the most conspicuous places, as you have experienced to-day, my eye rested on an old Bible which lay on the top of a barrel of pamphlets in the garret. I opened it, and almost unconsciously read the recipe for avoiding moths, which I have given to-day. I then recollected that they seldom troubled the clothing in frequent use, and that the articles which caused me so much care were not needed twice a year. I then thought of Sophia Bakes, with her large family and sick husband. They had been burned out the spring before, and were just entering upon a cold long winter of poverty. I sat down, and writing her a note, sent her two feather beds and four blankets, and an old-fashioned "coverlid," that very day; and two more blankets I dispatched to a poor old rheumatic neighbor, whose destitution had never occurred to me before. I then began to breathe freely; and before another week, two more blankets were gone to comfort tired limbs and aching hearts. The cast-off coats, cloaks, and old pieces of carpeting, which had long lain in my garret, were given to the deserving poor. A bag of woollen stockings and socks, which had been kept for cleaning brass, were sent to a charity institution, never again to become a temptation to the moths. I inquired particularly the next year, and found the beds and blankets were in such excellent preservation, that I cheerfully laid up more of my surplus money "in Heaven," and out of the way of moth and mould. My cedar closet and trunks hold all I wish to preserve, and when they begin to run over, I commit more articles to the keeping of my widowed and fatherless acquaintances.'

"'But Aunt Julia, yours is a peculiar case. You had the home-made outfit of a farmer's daughter, and could not expect to make use of it; besides, the Bible does not encourage wasting our goods extravagantly.'

"'I do not think the Bible leans to what is called extravagant sides. The rest of the chapter following the verse I have quoted gives little encouragement to much forethought, either in food or raiment, and in another place says, "He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none." This rule leaves very little to pack away in a cedar closet. In my opinion, God's providence is far from encouraging extensive accumulation either of money or possessions, especially among Christians. Fire and food, drought, mildew and moth stand ready to rebuke that spirit of covetousness which the Lord abhorreth.'

"'Surely, Aunt Julia, you would not have me give away the new furs that you gave me last winter?'

"'No, my child; but let us examine for a moment this moth eaten pile. Here are three coats of your husband's which he can never possibly wear again.'

"'Those are for fishing, aunt.'

"'How often does he fish?'

"'Once in four or five years,' said Anna, looking slightly discomfited.

"'Well, here is a bag of out-grown, shrunken socks and stockings, and these old dresses of Ada's, and these overcoats of the boys', that I heard you say were unfit to wear, even in the play ground; and besides I think you remarked that the whole difficulty originated in an old carpet, which has been harboring moths many years, when it might have been out of harm's way, upon some poor widow's floor.'

"'Well, aunt, I believe you are half right.'

"'Try my rule, Anna; not after your property is ruined, but when you find you can spare it—even at the risk of sending some of your treasure to Heaven before you have obtained all you could from its use. Many an old garret have I known to be infested with moths, ruining hundreds of dollars' worth of valuable articles, when the whole evil might be traced to an old coat or carpet selfishly or carelessly withheld from the poor. We are God's stewards, and our luxuries are not given us to feed a "covetousness which is idolatry," but are talents which may be increased ten times before the great day of final account. When people ask how to prevent moths, I always long to say—"Lay up your treasure in Heaven," because I have found from experience it is a sure and convenient way.'

"Well, aunt, I own I never have thought much about it before as a matter of Christian duty. I will try before another year to confine my care to the articles I need, and shall hope for better success.

DOES THE WORLD HATE PIETY?—In answer to this question, the celebrated Sidney Smith says: "It is not true that the world hates piety. That modest and unobtrusive piety which fills the heart with all human charities, and makes a man gentle to others and severe to himself, is an object of universal love and veneration. But mankind hate the lust of power when it is veiled under the garb of piety; they hate cant and hypocrisy; they hate advertisers and quacks in piety; they do not choose to be insulted; they love to tear folly and impudence from the altars which should only be a sanctuary for the righteous and the good."

ADVENTURE WITH LIONS.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

In giving an account of his adventures in South Africa, Mr. Gordon Cumming, the famous Lion-hunter, says that upon one occasion, he had placed himself beside a pool of water:—

"As the sun went down, two graceful spring-boks and a herd of pallas came and drank, when I shot the best looking pallah in the troop. At night I watched the water with Kleinboy: very soon a black cow rhinoceros came and drank, and got off for the present with two balls in her. A little afterwards two black rhinoceroses and two whites came to the waterside. We both fired together at the finest of the two black rhinoceroses; she ran three hundred yards, and fell dead. Soon after this, the other black rhinoceros came up again, and stood at the waterside. I gave her one ball after the shoulder; she ran a hundred yards and fell dead. In half an hour, a third old borele appeared, and, having inspected the two dead ones, he came up to the waterside. We fired together; he ran two hundred yards and fell dead. I felt satisfied with our success, and gave it up for the night.

"By the following evening, the natives had cleared away the greater part of two of the rhinoceroses, which lay right in the way of the game approaching the water. I, however, enforced their leaving the third rhinoceros, which had fallen on the bare sliding ground, almost opposite to my hiding-place, in the hope of attracting a lion, as I intended to watch the water at night. Soon after the twilight had died away, I went down to my hole with Kleinboy and two natives, who lay concealed in another hole, with Wolf and Boker ready to slip, in the event of wounding a lion.

On reaching the water, I looked towards the carcass of the rhinoceros, and, to my astonishment, I beheld the ground alive with large creatures, as though a troop of zebras were approaching the fountain to drink. Kleinboy remarked to me that a troop of zebras were standing on the height. I answered, 'Yes;' but I knew very well that zebras would not be capering around the carcass of a rhinoceros. I quickly arranged my blankets, pillow, and guns in the hole, and then lay down to feast my eyes on the interesting sight before me. It was bright moonlight, as clear as I need wish, and within one night of being full moon. There were six large lions, about twelve or fifteen hyenas, and from twenty to thirty jackals, feasting on and around the carcasses of the three rhinoceroses. The lions feasted peacefully, but the hyenas and jackals fought over every mouthful, and chased one another round and round the carcasses, growling, laughing, screeching, chattering, and howling, without any intermission. The hyenas did not seem to be afraid of the lions, although they always gave way before them; for I observed that they followed them in the most disrespectful manner, and stood laughing, one or two on either side, when any lions came after their comrades to examine pieces of skin or bones which they were dragging away.

"At length the lions seemed satisfied. They all walked about with their heads up, and seemed to be thinking about the water. In two minutes one of them turned his face towards me, and came on; he was immediately followed by a second lion, and in half a minute by the remaining four.

"Knowing from old sport exactly where they would drink, I cocked my left barrel. The six lions came steadily on along the stony ridge, until within sixty yards of me, when they halted for a minute to reconnoitre. One of them stretched out his massive arms on the rock and lay down, the others then came on, and he rose and brought up the rear. They walked, as I had anticipated, to the old drinking place, and three of them had put down their heads and were lapping the water loudly, when Kleinboy thought it necessary to shove up his ugly head. I turned slowly to rebuke him, and again turning to the lions, found myself discovered!

"An old lioness, who seemed to take the lead, had detected me, and, with her head high, and her eyes fixed full upon me, she was coming slowly round the corner of the little vley to cultivate my acquaintance! This unfortunate proceeding put a stop at once to all further contemplation. I thought it most prudent to shoot this lioness, especially as none of the others had noticed me. I covered her. She saw me move, and halted, exposing a full broadside. I fired; the ball entered one shoulder and passed out behind the other. She bounded forward with repeated growls, and was followed by her five comrades in a cloud of dust; nor did they stop until they had reached the cover behind me, except one old gentleman, who halted and looked back for a few seconds, when I fired, but the ball went high. I listened anxiously. I heard her growling and stationary, as if dying. In one minute her comrades crossed the vley a little below me, and made towards the rhinoceros. I then slipped my dogs on the scent, and, following them into the cover, I found the lioness lying dead within twenty yards of where the old lion had lain two nights before." This incident forms the subject of our illustration. Mr. Cumming then proceeded in search of other adventures. On the 29th he arrived at a small village of Bakalahari. The natives told him that elephants were abundant on the opposite side of the river. Accordingly he resolved to halt there and hunt, and drew his wagons up on the river's bank, within thirty yards of the water and about one hundred yards from the native village. Having outspanned, he at once set about making for the cattle a kraal of the worst description of thorn trees. Of this he had now become very particular, since his severe loss by lions. He had, however, a fearful lesson to learn as to the nature and character of the lion, of which he had at one time entertained so little fear; and on this night a horrible tragedy was to be acted in his little lonely camp of so very awful and appalling a nature as to make the blood curdle in our veins. He worked till near sundown at one side of the the kraal with Hendrick, his first wagon driver—himself cutting down the trees with his axe, and dragging them to the kraal. When the kraal for the cattle was finished, he turned his attention to making a pot of barley broth, and lighted a fire between the wagons and the water, close on the river's bank, under a dense grove of shady trees, making no sort of kraal around his sitting place for the evening.

The Hottentots, without any reason, made their fire about fifty yards from Mr. Cumming's, they, according to their usual custom, being satisfied with the shelter of a large, dense bush. "Soon after it was dark," says the graphic narrator, "we heard elephants breaking the trees in the forest across the river; and once or twice I strode away into the darkness, some distance from the fireside, to stand and listen to them. I little, at that moment, deemed of the imminent peril to which I was exposing my life, nor thought that a blood-thirsty, man-eater lion was crouching near, and only watching his opportunity to spring into the midst of us, and consign one of our number to a most horrible death. About three hours after the sun went down, I called to my men to come and take their coffee and supper, which was ready for them at my fire; and after supper three of them returned before their comrades to their own fireside, and lay down; these were John Stofolus, Hendrick, and Ruyter. In a few minutes an ox came out by the gate of the kraal, and walked round the back of it. Hendrick got up and drove him in again, and then went back to his fireside and lay down. Hendrick and Ruyter lay on one side of the fire, under one blanket, and John Stofolus lay on the other. At this moment I was sitting taking some barley-broth; our fire was very small, and the night was pitch dark and windy. Owing to our proximity to the native village, the wood was very scarce, the Bakalahari having burnt it all in their fires.

"Suddenly the appalling and murderous voice of an angry, bloodthirsty lion burst upon my ear within a few yards of us, followed by the shrieking of the Hottentots. Again and again the murderous roar of

GORDON CUMMING'S NOCTURNAL ADVENTURE WITH LIONS.

attack was repeated. We heard John and Ruyter shriek, 'The lion! The lion!' Still, for a few moments, we thought he was but chasing one of the dogs round the kraal; but next instant, John Stofolus rushed into the midst of us almost speechless with fear and terror, his eyes bursting from their sockets, and shrieked out, 'The lion! The lion! He has got Hendrick; he dragged him away from the fire beside me!' I struck him with the burning brands upon his head, but he would not let go his hold. Hendrick is dead! Oh, God! Hendrick is dead! Let us take fire and seek him!'

"When the unfortunate Hendrick rose to drive in the ox, the lion had watched him to his fireside, and he had scarcely lain down, when the brute sprang upon him and Ruyter (for both lay under one blanket) with his appalling murderous roar—and, roaring as he lay, grappled him with his fearful claws, and kept biting him on the breast and shoulder, all the while feeling for his neck; having got hold of which, he at once dragged him away backwards round the bush into the dense shade.

"As the lion lay upon the unfortunate man he faintly cried, 'Help me! Help me! Oh, God! men help me!' After which the fearful beast got a hold of his neck, and then all was still, except that his comrades heard the bones of his neck cracking between the teeth of the lion. John Stofolus had lain with his back to the fire on the opposite side, and on hearing the lion, he sprang up, and seizing a large flaming brand, he belabored him on the head with the burning wood, but the brute did not take any notice of him. The Bushman had a narrow escape; he was not altogether scatheless, the lion having inflicted two gashes in his seat with his claws.

"The next morning, just as the day began to dawn, we heard the lion dragging something up the river-side under cover of the bank. We drove the cattle out of the kraal, and then proceeded to inspect the scene of the night's awful tragedy. In the hollow, where the lion had lain consuming his prey, we found one leg of the unfortunate Hendrick, bitten off below the knee, the shoe still on his foot; the grass and bushes were all stained with his blood, and the fragments of his pea-coat lay around. Poor Hendrick! I knew the fragments of that old coat, and had often marked them hanging in the dense covers where the elephant had charged after my unfortunate after-rider. Hendrick was by far the best man I had about my wagons, of a most cheerful disposition, a first-rate wagon driver, fearless in the field, ever active, willing, and obliging. His loss to us all was very serious. I felt confounded and utterly sick in my heart. I could not remain at the wagons, so resolved to go after elephants to divert my mind. I had that morning heard them breaking the trees on the opposite side of the river. I accordingly told the natives of the village of my intentions; and having ordered my people to devote the day to fortifying the kraal, I started with Piet and Ruyter as my after-riders. It was a very cool day. We crossed the river, and at once took up the fresh spoor of a troop of bull elephants. These bulls unfortunately joined a troop of cows, and when we came on them the dogs attacked the cows, and the bulls were off in a moment, before we could even see them. One remarkably fine old cow charged the dogs. I hunted this elephant and finished her with two shots from the saddle. Being anxious to return to my people before night, I did not attempt to follow the troop. My followers were not a little gratified to see me returning, for terror had taken hold of their minds, and they expected that the lion would return, and, emboldened by the success of the preceding night, would prove still more daring in his attack. The lion would most certainly have returned, but fate had otherwise ordained. My health had been better in the last three days—my fever was leaving me, but I was, of course, still very weak. It would still be two hours before the sun would set, and feeling refreshed by a little rest, and able for further work, I ordered fresh steeds to be saddled, and went in search of the lion.

"I took John and Carey as after-riders, armed, and a party of the natives followed up the spoor and led the dogs. The lion had dragged the remains of poor Hendrick along a native footpath that led up the river side. We found fragments of his coat all along the spoor. About six hundred yards from our camp a dry river's course joined the Limpopo. At this spot was much shade, cover, and heaps of dry reeds and trees deposited by the Limpopo in some great flood. The lion had left the footpath and entered this secluded spot. I at once felt convinced that we were upon him, and ordered the natives to loose the dogs. These walked suspiciously forward on the spoor, and next minute began to spring about, barking angrily, with all their hair bristling on their backs. A crash upon the dry reeds immediately followed—it was the lion bounding away.

"I pressed forward and urged them on; old Argyll and Bless took up his spoor in gallant style, followed by the other dogs. The lion held up the river's bank for a short distance, and took away through some wait-a-bit thorn cover. Here in two minutes the dogs were up with him; he turned and stood at bay, growling fiercely, his tail waving from side to side.

"On beholding him my blood boiled with rage. Setting my teeth, I dashed my steed forward within thirty yards of him, halted, and, placing my rifle to my shoulder, waited for a broadside. This the next moment he exposed, when I sent a bullet through his shoulder and dropped him on the spot. He rose again, when I finished him with a second in the breast. The Bakalahari now came up in wonder and delight. I ordered John to cut off his head and fore-paws, and bring them to the wagons, and mounting my horse I galloped home, having been absent about fifteen minutes. When the Bakalahari women heard that the man-eater was dead, they all commenced dancing about with joy, calling me *their father*."

A PRETTY GOOD JOB.—The disciples of Robert Owen intend to hold a "preliminary Congress for the reformation of the world," to commence in London on the 14th of the present month. Wouldn't it be a good idea for them to take some small town—say London or New York—first, and then have a dash at the outside barbarians?

WESTWARD HO!

We should not sit us down and sigh,
My girl, whose forehead pale appears
A snow—whose eyes look royally
Backwards and forwards o'er the years—

The long, long realms of conquered time,
The possible years unknown, that slope
Before us, in the gray sublime
Of lives that have more faith than hope.

We dare not sit us down and dream
Fond dreams, as idle riddlers do!
My brow is marked with many a seam,
And tears have worn their channels through

Your pour thin cheeks which now I take
Twixt my two hands, caressing. Dear,
A little sun-shine for my sake!
Although 'tis far on in the year.

Though all our violets, sweet, are dead,
The primrose gone from fields we knew,
Who knows what harvest may be spread
For reapers brave like me and you?

Who knows what fair October suns
May light up unseen valleys mild?
Where we, each happy children once,
Feel joy come to us like a child—

A child that at the gateway stands
To kiss the laborers' weary brows,
And lead them through the twilight lands
Up softly to their Father's house.

Then we'll not dream, nor look back, dear,
But march straight on, serene and bold,
To where our life sets, calm and clear,
Westward, behind the hills of gold.

THE PRICE OF TWO POTATOES IN 1805.

The following anecdote of the first Napoleon—this necessity of discriminating between the two Napoleons is a little inconvenient—is related in a letter from a correspondent, who was a considerable time in the French military service, and vouches for its authenticity. We might say of it, "*Se non e vero e ben trovato.*"

"The evening before the battle of Ulm, when Napoleon the First, in company with Marshal Berthier, was walking incognito through the camp and listening to the talk of his soldiers, he saw in a group not far off a grenadier of the Guard, who was roasting some potatoes in the ashes.

"'I should like a roast potato above all things,' said the Emperor to the Marshal, 'ask the owner of them if he will sell one.' In obedience to the order, Berthier advanced to the group, and asked to whom the potatoes belonged. A grenadier stepped forward, and said, 'They are mine.'

"'Will you sell me one?'

"'I have only five, and that's hardly enough for my supper.'

"'I will give you two Napoleons if you will sell me one.'

"'I don't want your gold; I shall be killed, perhaps, to-morrow, and I don't want the enemy to find me with an empty stomach.'

"Berthier reported the soldier's answer to the Emperor, who was standing a little in the back ground.

"'Let's see if I shall be luckier than you,' said the latter, and going up close to the grenadier, he asked him if he would sell him a potato.

"'Not by a long shot,' said the grenadier; 'I haven't enough for myself.'

"'But you may set your own price. Come; I am hungry, and haven't eaten to-day.'

"'I tell you I haven't enough for myself; besides all that, do you think I don't know you, in spite of your disguise?'

"'Who am I, then?'

"'Bah! The little corporal, as they call him; am I right?'

"'Well, since you know me, will you sell me a potato?'

"'No; but if you would have me come and dine with you when you get back to Paris, you may sup with me to-night.'

"'Done!' said Napoleon, 'on the word of a little corporal; on the word of an Emperor.'

"'Well and good. Our potatoes ought to be done by this time; there are the two largest ones, the rest I'll eat myself.'

"The Emperor sat down and ate his potatoes, and then returned with Berthier to his tent, merely remarking, 'The rogue is a good soldier, I'll wager.'

"Two months afterwards, Napoleon the Great was in the midst of a brilliant court at the place of the Tuileries, and was just sitting down to dine, when word was brought him that a grenadier was without, trying to force the guard at the door, saying that he had been invited by the Emperor. 'Let him come in,' said his Majesty. The soldier entered, presented arms, and said to the Emperor:

"'Do you remember once having supped with me off my roast potatoes?'

"'Oh, is that you? Yes, yes, I remember,' said the Emperor; 'and so you have come to dine with me, have you? Ruston, lay another cover on your table for this brave fellow.' Again the grenadier presented arms, and said:

"'A grenadier of the Guards does not eat with lackeys. Your Majesty told me I should dine with you—that was the bargain, and trusting to your word, I have come hither.'

"'True, true,' said the Emperor, 'lay a cover here near me; lay aside your arms, *mon ami*, and draw up to the table.'

"Dinner over, the grenadier went, at his usual pace, took up his carbine, and turning to the Emperor, presented arms, and said:

"'A mere private ought not to dine at the table of his Emperor.'

"'Ah! I understand you,' said Napoleon. 'I name you Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and Lieutenant in my company of Guards.'

"'Thank you heartily. *Vive l'Empereur!*' answered the soldier, and withdrew."—*New York Evening Post.*

CURIOSITIES OF DICTIONARIES! NATURAL HISTORY.—I confess that I have a great partiality for old dictionaries. Amongst much information, they contain some amusing articles. I will, however, confine myself to a few examples of the state of natural science in their days.

N. Bailey's *Dictionary:*

"*Colibus.* The humming Bird, which makes a Noise like a Whirl-wind, though it be no bigger than a Fly; it feeds on Dew, has an admirable Beauty of Feathers, a Scent as sweet as that of Musk or Ambergrease."

"*Loriot.* A Bird, that being looked upon by one that has the Yellow Jaundice, cures the Person, and dies itself."

This is the Golden Oriole, woodwele, or witwal, lately discussed in "N. & Q."

"*Nostoch.* Stinking tawney jelly of a fallen Planet; or the nocturnal Solution of some plethoretical and wanton Star."

In the present century, articles like the following were published in Lewis' *Welsh-English Dictionary* (Carmarthen, Wales, 1805:)

"*Hudleurn.* An Ignis fatuus, Will with a wisp, &c. Will with a wisp is more frequent in places unctuous, marshy, and abounding in reeds. They haunt burying-places of execution, and dunghills. *Some that have been catched* consist of a shining viscous matter, like the spawn of frogs, not hot, but only shining; so that the matter seems to be phosphorus, raised from putrefied plants or carcases."

"*Llwpard.* A leopard. It is exceedingly swift, subtle, and fierce; most ferociously enraged against men, *and of such a sweet savor*, that it allures other beasts to it; by which means they are caught and devoured."

Delpino, *Spanish Dict.* (1763:)

"*Serepemonga.* A sort of sea-snake in Brazil, which often lies still under the water; and whatever creature touches it, sticks so fast that it can scarce be parted, on which the snake feeds. Sometimes it comes out, and coils itself on the shore; and if a man puts his hand to it, it sticks fast; and putting the other to get it off, that sticks too; then the serpent stretches itself out, and getting into the sea, feeds on its prey.

"*Guachichil*, or *Chupaflores.* A wonderful bird in New Spain, called by the latter name by the Spaniards; because it is always hanging in the air, sucking the flowers, as the word implies, never lighting on the ground. The Indians say they stick their beaks into the boughs of trees, for several months in the year; where they take them asleep, to make of them pictures, images, and other curiosities."—*Notes and Queries.*

TONS OF SHOT AT SEBASTOPOL.—The English are now engaged in embarking the shot and shell they have collected at Sebastopol. As to collecting and removing these missiles, which are sown broadcast in the very soil, like pebbles on a beach, for the space of seven miles in length and two miles in breadth, the task is hopeless of execution. Piles of shot have been formed in every ravine, and stand there as monuments of the uselessness of such efforts as have yet been made to gather the iron shower which fell for eleven long months in front of Sebastopol. Every watercourse is full of iron,—shell, shots, and splinters of strange shapes abound in every ravine. The Russians will only have to collect what the Allies leave behind them to form large magazines of shot, but shell will not be so plentiful, as they were more sparingly used, and were generally damaged if they did not burst. Guns, too, are buried in the earth, and peer out from the earthwork of overthrown batteries. It is calculated that the Russians fired about 30,000 tons of iron at the Allies. The English gave them about 11,000 tons in return, and possibly the French fired about 20,000 tons; so that between 60,000 and 70,000 tons weight of iron must be lying about on the plateau.

THE GIANT.

I.

There came a giant to my door,
A giant fierce and strong.
His step was heavy on the floor,
His arms were ten yards long.
He scowled and frowned; he shook the ground;
I trembled through and through—
At length I looked him in the face
And cried: Who cares for you?

II.

The mighty giant, as I spoke
Grew pale, and thin, and small,
And through his body, as 'twere smoke,
I saw the sunshine fall.
His blood-red eyes turned blue as skies,
He whispered soft and low
In this—I cried—with growing pride,
Is this the mighty foe?

III.

He sunk before my earnest face,
He vanish'd quite away,
And left no shadow on his place
Between me and the day.
Such giants come to strike us dumb—
But weak in every part,
They melt before the strong man's eyes,
And fly the true of heart.

CHARLES MACKAY.

ONE OF THE MOTHERS OF '76.—A correspondent of the Irasburg (Vt.) Gazette, says: "Sarah Philbrook, of Hardwick, Vt., a widow of a revolutionary soldier, and whose age is ninety-four years, made and sold last season from two cows, six hundred pounds of butter, besides milk and butter for family use. I was at her house two days since and saw twenty-two and a half pounds of beautiful butter that she had just made, in eight days, from the same two cows, being the first churning of this season. Said cows have the appearance of being what is termed the native breed. Mrs. Philbrook never keeps any hired girl; has no assistance whatever about the house, only what is rendered by her boy, who is not quite seventy years old, and who does not intend to marry while his mother is able to do her work."

HOW TO PRESERVE WOMEN.

Under this head the Springfield (Mass.) Republican makes the following very sensible suggestions; which, if more generally adopted by the sex, would produce a class of women much better for the responsible duties of their position, than the great mass who are daily and hourly seen promenading the sidewalks. Let those for whose benefit it is intended, carefully treasure the receipt and apply the remedy:

There is nothing in this world that we think so much of as we do of women. Our mother is a woman—wife, sisters, pretty cousins, are all women; and the daughters will be, if (Heaven spare them!) they live long enough. And then there is the love of women in general, which we do not deny. A fine, magnificent specimen of the sex, full of life and health—a ripe, red cheek and lip and flashing eye, is something that does one good to look at, as she illuminates the humdrum sidewalks of the every-day street. A North River steamboat, under full headways, with colors flying, is rather a pretty sight—rather stirring and inspiring; and we pull up our tired nag on the shore to see her pass, and admire the swell she cuts. Comparatively, however, the steamer sinks into insignificance, or some other very deep water, by the side of a well-kept, well-dressed woman. There is no rubbing it out; women are an ornament, charm, blessing, beauty and bliss of life, (man's life, we mean of course,) and any means that can be devised for preserving them should be publicly made known. They are different from any other kind of fruit. You cannot pickle them; vinegar absolutely spoils them. You cannot do them up in sugar, and set them in a cold room, with a paper soaked in brandy over their mouths. You cannot put them into cans and seal them up air-tight without injuring their flavor. Now, as men are so dependent upon women for life's choicest blessings, a proper mode of preserving them becomes a matter of great moment, and we are sure that the public will thank us for an unfailing receipt. Here they have it:

Wash clean in cold water as often as three times a week in cold weather, and every day in warm weather, and then rub dry with a coarse towel. If the skin takes on a blush under the friction of the towel, so much the better. It betrays inherent vitality and a happy reaction. After the glow is well established, dress in winter with thick flannel—flannel jacket next to the skin, and a pair of flannel drawers, which like the jacket, were better knit, and fitted closely. Over the terminations of these, heavy woolen or worsted hose should be drawn. If this preliminary process is perfected, a very important step has been taken towards the general result. Women are spoiled nearly as as much from unprotected limbs as from unprotected feet. Skirts are but an indifferent protection. Well, then, after the jackets and drawers are on, and the woolen hose, there is nothing to hinder the perfection of the dress after the usual mode. The woman is on the direct road to preservation, and no damage is done to her looks.

Expose to the air daily. As a preparation for this, put the feet, already enclosed in a woolen hose, (premising still that the season is winter,) in thick-soled shoes, or regular Wellington boots. The thin slippers, and the thin cold rubbers beneath are not enough. A better conductor of caloric could hardly be found than they combine to produce. Besides, the rubber confines the moisture of the foot, and every moment it is worn, the worse it becomes, until the connection of the foot with the ice beneath is almost as direct as if no medium interposed. We would not discourage rubbers over thick shoes, to be worn during brief passages. They are very useful and convenient, but they never should be relied on as the main protection of the feet.

Having the feet well protected, pay the next attention to the chest. The chest is the repository of the vital organs. There abide the heart and lungs. It is from the impression made upon these organs through the skin that the shiver comes. It is nature's quake—the alarm bell—at the onset of danger. A woman never shivers from the effects of cold upon her limbs or hands; but let the cold strike through her clothing upon her chest, and off go her teeth in a chatter, and the whole organism is in commotion. One sudden and severe impression of water upon the chest has slain its tens of thousands, only Ruth more, while the feet are well looked after, never forget the chest. These points attended to, the natural connections of dress will supply the rest, and the woman is ready for the air. Now let her visit her neighbors, go shopping, call upon the poor, and walk for the good of it or the fun of it.

Keep away from the stove or the register. Air that is dry or burnt, more or less charged with the gases evolved by the consumption of fuel, is poison. Go up stairs and make the beds with mittens on. Fly around the house like mad, and ventilate the rooms. Don't sit pent up in a single room with double windows. Fruit will not retain its full form and flavor in air-tight cans; neither will women. They need air. If the shiver comes on in these operations, go directly and put on something more about the chest.

Thus much for the winter treatment. Generally, for the other seasons of the year, adapt the clothing to every change of temperature. This may require a modification of the dress four or five times a day, but it pays. Ours is a versatile climate, and if we are fit to live in it, or must live in it, we must take it as it is, and make the best of it; and the way to make the best of it is by placing more or less between the atmosphere and the skin.

Again, do not live in dark rooms. Light fades the carpet, but it feeds the flower. No living thing, vegetable or animal, can enjoy health in darkness. Light is almost as necessary as air, and a brown tan is far preferable, even as a matter of beauty, to a sickly paleness of complexion.

Thus much in regard to the physical means for preservation. There are moral means no less important. Every woman should be married to an excellent man. (Marriage, it is true, brings care and wear, but it is the ring that is worn that keeps bright, and the watch that lies still unwound that gets out of order.) The sweet sympathies evolved in the relations of the family, the new energies developed by new responsibilities, the new compensations secured for all outlays of strength, bring about a delightful play of the heart and intellect, which, in their reaction upon the body, produce an effect that is nothing less than preservation. There is a higher moral power than this—one which we speak of soberly and honestly. No one is completely armed against the encroaching ills of life, who has in his heart no place for religion. The calmness, the patience, the joy and the hope that are in possession of a woman whose heart is right in its highest relation, can never fail to preserve and heighten every personal power and charm that she possesses.

There you have the receipt. Some of it is in sportive form, but it is none the less sober truth. It has within it a cure for many a disease—the preventive for more. It might be made longer, but when we see its prescriptions universally adopted, it will be time to bring forward the remainder.

THE ATMOSPHERIC RAILROAD ANTICIPATED.—

First Voice.

"But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind?"

Second Voice.

"The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind."

—*The Ancient Mariner.*

This is the exact principle of the atmospheric railroad; and it is, perhaps, worthy of note as a curious fact, that such a means of locomotion should have occurred to Coleridge so long ago.—*Notes and Queries.*

AN HUMBLE HOME.—Are you not surprised to find how independent of money, peace of conscience is, and how much happiness can be condensed into the humblest home? A cottage will not hold the bulky furniture and sumptuous accommodations of a mansion; but if God be there, a cottage will hold as much happiness as might stock a palace.—*Rev. Chas. Hamilton.*

POSTSCRIPT.

DESTRUCTION OF LAWRENCE CONFIRMED.—St. Louis, May 24.—The Lexington (Mo.) Express, Extra, received to-night, confirms the destruction of the town of Lawrence.

After the Marshal had entered the town and made all the arrests he had write for, he turned his posse over to Sheriff Jones, whose attempts to make arrests were resisted by the people, who fired on his men.

Jones then commanded and set fire to the hotel and Herald of Freedom office, destroying both. The artillery were still firing, and the fire spreading when the messenger left. A few lives were lost.

A correspondent of the Chicago Tribune left Lawrence at 5 o'clock in the evening, and when fifteen miles from Lawrence, saw a great light, and volumes of smoke in the direction of that city. They have no doubt that the town is destroyed. Another messenger who left Leavenworth just before the departure of the boat, says several men had been killed by Jones' party. It is feared that Gen. Pomeroy has been hung by the mob. Gov. Robinson is at Lecompton, in the hands of the authorities. Governor Reeder is supposed to be in a place of safety, and is daily expected here via Nebraska and Iowa.

The mob threaten to hang Robinson, Brown and Dirider. The Free State men are gathering at Topeka, and will make a stand at that point. Mr. Atchison is somewhere in the Territory. The U. S. troops are anxious to protect the settlers, but are not allowed to leave their quarters.

FOUR DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.—NEW YORK, May 27.—The steamer Baltic arrived this morning at half past 8 o'clock, with dates to Wednesday afternoon, the 14th inst.

A Commercial Treaty has been concluded between Persia and the United States.

It is rumored that an American squadron will soon enter the Baltic.

On the 9th, Russia, Sweden, and Oldenburg, signed a protocol at Copenhagen, agreeing, conditionally, to the capitalization of the Sound Dues.

Russia is reported to have demanded explanations respecting the secret treaty signed jointly by France, Great Britain and Austria, guaranteeing the independence of Turkey, but the report has not affected the stock market.

The Russians under Gen Mouravieff are commencing a new campaign against the Circassians.

The excitement continues in Belgium respecting the French interference with the Liberty of the Press, but to-day's mail says that an agreement has been come to.

The French Secret Societies are causing anxiety to the Government.

Affairs in Italy continue to excite much attention. Count Cavour has presented two important notes to the Sardinian Chambers.

Walker's battle with the Costa Ricans had also caused much excitement in England.

LIVERPOOL, Wednesday, May 14, 3 o'clock, P. M.—The Cotton market continues dull.

BREADSTUFFS.—Wheat is a little lower, with little speculative demand. Red is quoted at 9s. 3d. a 10s. 6d.; white 9s. 9d. a 11s. 3d.

Flour is also somewhat lower, with little speculative demand. Western Canal, 33s. a 34s. 6d.; straight Baltimore and good Ohio, 35s. a 37s.

White Corn is scarce, and has advanced 1s. Sales at 30s. a 31s. for white and yellow.

LONDON, Wednesday, noon.—Wheat to-day is firm, with a turn in favor of the sellers. The firmness arrivals are short and trade slow, but prices firm.

LONDON MONEY MARKET.—London, Wednesday, noon, May 14.—Consols for account are quoted at 93¾ a 93⅝; for money 93¾ a 93⅞.

EXECUTION OF MATTOCKS.—Peter Mattocks, the convicted murderer of Elizabeth Gilbert, was hung at noon on the 23d inst., in Philadelphia. He protested to the last his innocence of the imputed crime, stating that the girl met her death from a pistol shot fired during a scuffle by George Horsey, which he believed was intended for himself. Mattocks had been a slave, and escaped when about twenty-six, and was a fugitive up to the time of his death.

He was concerned in the fugitive slave conflict at Christiana, during which Gorsuch, of Maryland, was killed. For his participation in this affair, he was sentenced to two years' imprisonment. He served out this term, except three months, in the Eastern Penitentiary, having been pardoned through the intercession of one of the Inspectors. He always entertained extreme anti-slavery sentiments, and boasted of having killed Daniel Dempsey, a colored man, who was notorious for his connection with others in the pursuit of fugitive slaves. Dempsey died at the Hospital, some years ago, from a stab inflicted in an affray, but the guilty man was never known.

Mattocks' history, as narrated by himself, was very remarkable, and included many heinous crimes. It is said that his phrenological developments indicated a natural tendency to good, which was warped in the opposite direction by the lack of moral culture, and the cruelty of circumstances.

GROSS PERSONAL OUTRAGE OF PREP[AUT]OR SUMNER.—On May 22d, immediately after the adjournment of Congress, while Mr. Sumner was still in the Senate Chamber, Mr. Brooks, of South Carolina, entered, and approached Mr. Sumner, accusing him of libelling South Carolina and his relative, Mr. Butler. Mr. Brooks then immediately struck Mr. Sumner with his cane, and Mr. S. fell. Mr. Brooks repeated his blows until Mr. Sumner was deprived of the power of speech. The attack was so sudden and unexpected, that Mr. Sumner had no opportunity to place himself in a defensive attitude. The first blow stunned him, and the stick, which was gutta percha, was broken into many pieces by the time the assault terminated. When the attack was made upon Mr. Sumner, there were probably from fifteen to twenty persons in, or about the Senate Chamber, including Messrs. Crittenden, Foster, Toombs, Douglas, Keitt, Fitzpatrick, Murray, Morgan, and other members of Congress, Gov. Gorman, and several officers of the Senate, and strangers. Mr. Sumner was sitting behind his desk writing. Before he could rise from his seat, or disembarrass himself, the first blow was struck, rendering him almost insensible. The desk was wrenched from its fastenings in his attempts to clear himself of it. The desk and seat, as well as the floor of the Senate Chamber, were reddened with blood. The attack was premeditated—Mr. Sumner having been, unknown to himself, followed home the previous day. The assailant deliberately waited till all Mr. Sumner's friends had left him, before making his assault—and then gave his opponent, who was entirely unarmed, no opportunity of even putting himself in a posture of defence. Mr. Sumner had been cautioned to prepare for a personal assault, but thought the fears of his friends were groundless, and did not arm himself—though, if he had done so, he could not have guarded against such an assassin-like attempt.

Mr. Brooks was first held to bail by Justice Hollingsworth in the sum of $500. Afterward, the bail was increased to $1,000 for his appearance at court.

Mr. Sumner was conveyed to his lodgings by his friends, who came in, hearing of the occurrence, and was at first considered in great danger—either of losing his life or his reason. But on the 26th he was considered out of danger.

PUBLIC MEETINGS AT BOSTON, &c.—The largest meeting ever held in Faneuil Hall was held on the 24th, to denounce the assault on Senator Sumner. Gov. Gardner presided, assisted by forty Vice Presidents, appointed irrespective of party. The resolutions were as follows:

Resolved, That we have heard with grief and indignation of the brutal assault committed upon our esteemed Senator, Charles Sumner, for words spoken in debate, and in his person, to the honor of our Commonwealth.

Resolved, That in this outrage we see new encroachments upon freedom, new violations of State rights, and a strange disregard of chivalrous principles; while in the conduct of such men as Senator Crittenden, we gladly recognize proofs of the fact, that in all sections of the country there are men of high honor, pure principles, and of true patriotism.

Resolved, That this attack is to be rebuked not only as a cowardly assault upon a defenceless man, but as a crime against the rights of free speech and the dignity of a free State.

Resolved, That as American citizens we deeply lament the odium which such acts cast upon our country and upon the cause of Republicanism throughout the world.

Resolved, That, although sixty-eight members of the National House of Representatives have voted that they think no inquiry regarding the outrage is necessary, still, we feel confident that Congress will free itself from the same crime by expelling the offender from the seat which he has disgraced.

Resolved, That we regard every blow inflicted upon our Senator, as a blow aimed at us, that in our estimation his wounds are honorable wounds, that as citizens of Massachusetts, without distinction of party, we pledge him here in Old Faneuil Hall, our sympathy and support in the fearless and independent discharge of his duty.

Indignation meetings also have been held at Lowell, Worcester, by the students of Amherst College, &c. Several of the New York clergymen on Sunday, also denounced the act from their pulpits.

PETRIFACTION.—Nine years ago, a man died of dropsy, and was buried in Middlesex, Vt., and it being desirable to remove the corpse to Pomfret recently, the body was disinterred, and found to have become perfect stone, as hard as marble and not in the least altered from the appearance of the man at his death. The corpse weighed five hundred and fifty pounds. What is more remarkable, the body of a girl buried by his side, was wholly consumed, only a few of the principal bones remaining.

NEWS ITEMS.

TRIUMPHS OF YANKEE GENIUS.—The steamer Ericsson, which sailed from New York, on Saturday, May 10th, for Liverpool, took out one of Hoe's six cylinder lightning printing presses for the London Times. Six men were sent out with the press as "feeders," accompanied by a foreman.

SABBATH OBSERVANCE IN GERMANY.—The states of Oldenburg have agreed to a law for the better observance of the Sabbath. According to this all out-door labor, all noisy in-door labor, and all places of public recreation, are forbidden until after the termination of morning Divine Service; that is, until about mid-day. An attempt was made to extend the restriction until after evening service, but it was rejected.

TESTIMONY.—At the stated meeting of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, R. E. Evans read a paper, giving the ancient testimony of Women Friends of Burlington against hooped petticoats, denounced as an immodest fashion; also against wearing striped shoes, taken snuff, and the unnecessary use of fans.

OH MY PROPHETIC SOUL!—WHICH IS MY UNCLE?—A very curious instance of confusion has taken place in a family in Lumber street. A mother and her daughter were both confined on the same day, each having a little son. In the bustle of the moment, both babies were placed in a cradle, and to the confusion of the mothers, when the youngsters were taken from the cradle they were unable to tell which was the mother's and which the daughter's son—a matter which, of course, must ever remain a mystery. The family is in great distress over the affair.—*Albany Knickerbocker.*

AN UNUSUAL OCCURRENCE.—A highly respectable farmer, named Newton Dixon, a member of the Society of Friends, committed suicide on the 3d instant, near Columbus, Ohio. The cause of the rash deed is said to be sorrow for some of his children having become proselytes to the "spiritual" doctrine. No other instance of suicide by a Quaker is recollected.

INTOLERANCE IN GERMANY.—The States of the Duchy of Meiningen have recently decided that no Jew can be an elector, a juryman, a public functionary, an advocate or attorney.

POSTAGE STAMPS.—A London publisher of music, named Boozey announces the issue of some *temperance* hymns.

BOGUS PETTY.—At one of the great Christian Anniversaries, held in New York last week, it was stated that the Society had lost $943 10, "from uncurrent, broken and counterfeit bank bills, received through the contribution box."

LIBERTY NOT RECOGNIZED.—None of the copper money of France stamped with the head of Liberty will be a legal tender after the 1st of next October.

The Massachusetts Legislature have refused further aid to the project for Tunnelling Hoosic Mountain.

JUDGE MCLEAN.—This gentleman is out in a letter, in which he takes the ground that Congress has the power to prohibit but not establish slavery in a Territory. This is taken as an admission that he is willing to be the Republican nominee for the Presidency.

PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.—The descendants of the mutineers of the English ship Bounty, at Pitcairn's Island, having increased beyond the resources of that island to maintain them are about to remove to Norfolk Island.

DUEL.—Messrs. Eslin and Cudy, New Orleans merchants fought a duel near that place on the morning of the 21st inst., which resulted in the death of Mr. Cudy. The combatants chose a spot known as *Pass Christian* for the encounter!

SHOCKING SUICIDE.—Mr. Henry Elling, of the firm of Hayden, Elling & Co., New York, blew his brains out on Saturday afternoon, May 18th. The deed was committed in a temporary aberration of mind, caused by excessive absorption in business. His wife, on hearing of the event, immediately became frantic.

Nine hundred Belgians have arrived at Green Bay this spring, and there are from 3,000 to 4,000 more on the way.

A new town at the head of Lake Superior has been christened Hiawatha.

THE CHINESE IN CALIFORNIA.—A San Francisco letter states that Bhuddism has been formally inaugurated on American soil. After many disappointments the Chinese population of that city have imported a wooden god and all the paraphernalia of their worship for the purpose, and erected them as a permanent institution in its midst. The festival, as it was called, occupied five days.

In the Eastern War, England lost 22,457 men, France 60,000. Count Orloff has admitted in Paris that the Russian loss has not been less than 500,000. The loss sustained by the Sardinians has not been, and the loss sustained by the Turks never will be, ascertained.

WISCONSIN WHEAT CROP.—A letter from Wisconsin states that the wheat crop is coming forward finely. There was sown last fall a larger quantity of ground than ever before. A very few pieces are said to be damaged by the fly. In addition to last fall's sowing, the high range of prices during winter has caused a great deal of spring wheat to be sown. It is generally up and looks fine. Present appearances indicate that Wisconsin will have a great surplus.

INSANE FROM STARVATION AND EXPOSURE.—A few days since a hunter found a woman in the woods, near Stephens' Point, Wisconsin, starving, and unable to walk, who offered him twelve dollars to shoot her. The hunter placed her upon his shoulders and carried her to his home, where she was properly cared for.

THE ASTOR HOUSE.—The proprietors of the Astor House, in New York, R. B. Coleman and C. A. Stetson, have dissolved partnership, the former retiring from the establishment, which will be conducted by Mr. Stetson in future. In a published card they state that they have become embarrassed, Mr. Coleman having accepted largely for another house (the Burnet, at Cincinnati,) and they have consequently suspended payments.

DIPLOMATIC MORALITY.—The late difficulty between Persia and England is said to have been caused by the misconduct of the English Ambassador; Mr. Murray, who persisted in keeping in his house a beautiful Persian lady, the sister of the Shah, after having provided for her husband by giving him an appointment in the British consulate—the Shah, it seems, not being willing to leave his relative any longer in such a position.

WONDERFUL INSTANCE OF SAGACITY.—We hear of an instance of sagacity practiced by the elephant attached to Herr Driesbach's Menagerie, which deserves record. Coming into Newark, Ohio, last Saturday, the elephant's keeper fell in a fit from his horse. The whole menagerie immediately came to a halt, and some members of the company went forward to pick up the man. But the elephant would not allow any person to approach the lifeless form of his keeper. Taking him up with his trunk, softly, he would place him on his horse, but finding that the man was senseless, he laid him on the ground, and kept watch over him. Many members of the menagerie tried to soothe the faithful elephant, who had now become furious at the supposed death of his master, but to no purpose, and there the man lay, watched by the sagacious animal. After lying in this condition for some time, a physician, who had been sent for, arrived, and yet the elephant would allow no one to approach. At length the keeper became so far conscious as to command the elephant to let the physician come near, and the animal was docile and obedient in a moment, and the keeper was properly cared for—the elephant, all the while, expressing the utmost anxiety for the sick man.

MR. CRAMPTON'S DISMISSAL.—WASHINGTON, Saturday, May 24.—I have fresh information to-day which satisfies me entirely that the Cabinet is a unit in the determination to dismiss Mr. Crampton. The papers will be ready early next week. At the same time, a very conciliatory despatch is to be addressed to Lord Clarendon probably putting the dismissal chiefly on the ground of Crampton's personal complicity in violating our laws, instead of the British Government having violated our sovereignty.—*N. Y. Times.*

WASHINGTON, May 25, 1856.—Mr. Crampton, the British Minister, will receive his dismissal to-morrow; also, the Consuls. Despatches will go by the next steamer, to Mr. Dallas, announcing that the President, upon the International question, would, perhaps, have been satisfied with Lord Clarendon's last despatch; but on other points he is so decided that Marcy's despatch will likely cause a sensation in England. It is believed that Crampton has authority to give, and will give immediately, on his dismissal, such orders to the British squadron in the West Indies as will, most likely, lead to sudden collision. The President contemplates sending a message to Congress on this subject to-morrow.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

LATER FROM FLORIDA.—Dat. from the scene of the Seminole disturbances to the 4th instant, state that the United States steamer TEXAS-Ranger has just arrived from Fort Deynaud. She brings news that at a distance of 300 yards south-east of Fort Simon Drum and on the margin of the Big Cypress Swamp, two men were fired on by a body of Indians, supposed to be at least twelve in number. Lieut. Hartsuff's command (who had just arrived from Fort Deynaud with a detachment of Florida volunteers), and company C, 2d Artillery, under Lieut. G. T. Gardner, promptly pursued the Indians, but without being able to overtake them. Several parties had been fired at by the Indians. A man by the name of Carson has been murdered by the Indians in the country above Tampa. He was alone, working on his farm, and was shot through with several balls, from an unseen foe, but the sharp crack of the Indian rifle was unmistakable. He leaves a wife and eight children in poverty. Capt. Vogeler's company from Key West had arrived and was in garrison at Fort Myers.

POLITICAL NEWS.

THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION.—This Convention, which will meet in Cincinnati in June, attracts very general attention. An article in the N. Y. Herald professes to give an accurate statement of the personal preferences of the members' elect, as far as they can be ascertained. It gives Mr. Buchanan 91 votes, Mr. Douglas 48, Mr. Hunter 5, Mr. Dickinson 1, Mr. Pierce 107. This calculation omits Missouri and New York, entitled to 44 Delegates, the reason being that there are two complete sets elected from each. The Soft delegation from New York and the Benton delegation from Missouri are both for Buchanan. If this estimate be correct there is not a majority for any of the prominent candidates.

MISSOURI.—On May 20th, the Benton Democratic County Convention nominated Francis P. Blair, Jr., for Congress, vice —— Miller, deceased. Benton, as yet, neither accepts nor declines the nomination for Governor.

RHODE ISLAND.—On May 23rd, the Republican Convention of Rhode Island, nominated a full delegation to the Philadelphia Convention, headed by Gov. Hoppin.

On May 22nd, the House of Representatives in the Massachusetts Legislature passed, to a third reading, the bill repealing the Personal Liberty Act, by a vote of 130 to 113.

MR. DEANE, THE DIVER.—A Sebastopol correspondent writes: "The Russians say that the shot of the Allies sometimes struck their boats full of men crossing from the north side, and sunk them, and they take pride in relating the horrors of the siege. Some of them will never be known. Mr. Deane, the diver, has, however, brought others to light. Close by the ruins of Fort Paul, whence the bridge started to the north side, he discovered at the bottom of the harbor a battery of field-artillery horses, men, and all, entangled in the harness, and with their skeletons just hanging together in the net-work of leather. He has fished up five field-pieces and two howitzers. They are filled with mud, but they can soon be made fit for Woolwich. The wood of the carriages has been utterly destroyed by the teredo navalis, or whatever it is which lives on such hard fare. On the skeleton of one of the horses, there were the bones of a driver, held together by the rags of his uniform, and with his foot still in the stirrup!"

NEW ARRON BRITISH GUIANA.—THE "ANGEL GABRIEL" CONVICTED.—Latest advices date from Georgetown, May 3d.

The Town Council had held a special meeting in order to consider the plan of Mr. Allen, an American, for supplying the people with water. The inhabitants petitioned for and against the measure. After debate, Mr. Graham moved that the prayer of the petitioners against the scheme be granted. An animated discussion ensued, and on a division, the motion was carried by a majority of five to two.

An attempt has been made to set fire to the house of the Attorney General, J. Lucie Smith.

Military volunteers for the cavalry and rifle corps were coming forward freely.

The "Angel Gabriel," who created so much excitement in the United States some time since, had been tried on a charge of sedition, for his connection with the dreadful riots of 19th of February last. He was convicted, as were about sixteen of his dupes.

A WAGON ROAD.—Drs. Hill and Hitchcock, who have just arrived from California, are a Committee appointed by the citizens of that State, to present through the California Delegation a memorial asking Congress to open a wagon road from Missouri to California, within and through our own territory. The memorial is signed by between seventy and eighty thousand citizens of California, and bound in two large folio volumes of 1,000 pages each, in a style perhaps never equalled by any memorial ever presented to Congress.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

OFFICE OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
May 31st, 1856.

Business generally has been only moderately active during the week in most of the leading articles, the advices from abroad have been more favorable, and there has been a better demand for Flour and Wheat at improved prices. Cotton has also met with rather more inquiry, but Groceries continue very irregular, and in favor of the buyer. Iron and Coal remain unchanged, with moderate receipts and sales. In Groceries the demand for Sugar and Molasses is steady, and prices are firm. Coffees have been dull and unsettled, but at the close there is rather more selling. The Provision market has been quiet, owing to the firmness of holders, who are generally demanding advance on rates for Salted Meats. Uncured Lard, Hams and Hides, are dull. The Leather market is active, and most kinds are bringing full rates. Naval Stores and Oils, not much change. Plaster is unsettled. Rice is selling more freely, and prices are on the advance. Seeds remain very quiet. Wool is unchanged, with limited sales, and Whiskey is very scarce, at a further improvement. In other respects the market is without any material variation to notice.

ASHES—Both kinds are lower, with limited receipts and sales to notice.

BARK—The market continues here, and further sales of about 150 hhds Quercitron have been made in lots, on arrival, at $25 for first quality No. 1. No Tanners' Bark arriving.

BREADSTUFFS—Is scarce, and generally held above the views of buyers, with a small business to notice at 7s@8s, the latter for prime yellow.

BREAD—Meets with a moderate demand only for shipment, without change in quotations.

COAL—Orders were coming in more freely, but the scarcity of vessels, and consequent high rates of freight, have checked the demand for shipment; prices, however, are unchanged. At inghenf Coal is scarce and wanted at 20s @ 25s.

The latest statement makes the Coal tonnage of the present year as follows:

	1856.	1855.
Reading Railroad,	746,112	870,991
Schuylkill Navigation,	252,527	225,795
Lehigh Navigation,	118,767	156,272

The lumber trade is dull at Port Richmond, only moderate for the season—the tonnage thus far being 312,317 against a total of 455,315 last year to the same date. This backwardness is attributable to the great severity and long duration of the wintry weather, extending as it did through the greater part of the opening spring, and preventing the resumption of mining operations.

CANDLES—There is about the usual business doing in sperm and stearine, at rather better prices; the former are very scarce. Tallow Candles remain dull.

COFFEE—The New York auction sales have depressed the market, and prices are unsettled and lower; some 3,000 bags however have changed hands during the week at 10¼a11c for Rio, and 10¾a11c for Laguayra, all on the usual terms.

COTTON—In the absence of foreign news important to buyers, the market has been more quiet, and there has been more doing in Flour at an improvement of fully 25c @ bbl on last week's prices, sales reaching some 15,000 bbls for export at $6.62½a6.75, and since at $6.12½a6.25 for common mixed, and good straight brands, including fine flour at $5.50a5.62½; middling $4.75a5.00; selected for home trade and family, $6.50a6.75, the latter for Pittsburg; City Mills, and $7@7.25 for extra family. A sale of 1,400 bbls Brandywine Flour was made, included in the above, at $7, and 2,000 bbls good straight brands, part Lancaster county, taken in lots at $6.25a6.50 @ bbl for shipment. The former is now the uniform selling rate for standard superfine; the demand, however, is chiefly for better brands. For home use the demand has been to a fair extent, but at full prices, for sales of common to good brands and extras, as to brand, and $7.50a8.50 @ bbl for fancy family flour, according to quality. Rye Flour remains inactive, and only some 200 bbls have found buyers, mostly at $5.62½ @ bbl. Corn Meal has been very active, and about 10,000 bbls Pennsylvania and Brandywine Meal have changed hands at about previous rates, half cash, at $7.50 for the former, and $7.87½a8.00 @ bbl for the latter. The receipts for the week are 18,079 bbls Wheat Flour; 638 do Rye do, and 3,097 bbls Corn Meal.

DRUGS AND DYES—The market remains dull, but without any particular change to note in quotations, and the week's transactions have been mostly in a small way.

DRY GOODS—The Jobbers and city dealers are buying a few goods to keep up their assortments, but with this exception trade has been very quiet this week; there is no material alteration to notice in the market. The stock of most of the leading articles are well sold up, and prices are fully maintained, particularly of heavy Brown Cottons. Advices from England and the Continent state that most descriptions of goods have advanced there, particularly Silks and mixed textures of which that article is a part. It is feared, however, that the fall importations will be large.

FEED—Some 14,000 bus Virginia Shorts have been sold at 80c the 100 lbs.

FEATHERS—The receipts and sales continue light, and pure range at 60a62c @ lb for fair to good Western, in small lots.

FISH—The market generally is dull. The country demand is pretty much over, and the prices of Mackerel rule about stationary, a few small lots only having been taken from vessel at former quotations. Sales from store range at $22a14 for 1s, $14a15 for 2s, and $7a9¾ @ bbl for 3s, of large and medium size. Herring and Codfish are very quiet.

FRUIT—Further sales of Oranges and Lemons from the vessel to the store of 3,000 boxes have been made at from 15 cents to $5.50 @ box, mostly of the former, according to condition. Prime fruit is getting scarce, and some holders are storing. Raisins also are scarce and firm, with limited sales. In Domestic Fruit there is little or nothing doing.

GRAIN—There has been more Wheat offering this week, and prices, under a steady demand both for shipment and miller, have advanced 1a2c @ bus, the improvement, however, has only been realized on prime lots, which are scarce, while inferior and fair qualities are dull and neglected. The week's transactions about 30,000 bus at prices varying from 125 to 156 for reds, and 130 to 190 for white, as to quality, the latter for choice parcels, which are very scarce. Rye has also slightly improved, and 13,000 bus Western and Penn'a have been sold at 74a76c, chiefly with a good demand, and scarce at the latter figure. Corn has met with a steady demand, and some 70,000 bus, chiefly good Southern yellow, found buyers at 54c, afloat, including white at 54a55c; Penn'a yellow in store at 56c, and damaged lots at 53a55c, as to condition. At the close, however, the demand is less active, and 5,000 bus prime Southern yellow were offered at 57c afloat, which was refused. Oats have been in better demand within the last few days, and about 25,000 bus have changed hands at 35a36c, mostly at the latter rate for prime Jersey and Penn'a, afloat.

GUANO is only moderately active, but the prices of all kinds are unchanged and firm, with light stocks for the season.

GINSENG—There is little or no grade offering or selling. A few small sales are reported at 45c @ lb.

HEMP. The market continues dull, and 3,000 bales undressed Western, about all of that description in first hands, sold at $170a180 per ton.

HIDES—There have been no recent arrivals, but the market has become very quiet, and no sales of any moment have come under our notice to alter quotations. The recent imports of Porto Cabello Hides are being shipped to a neighboring market.

IRON—With a continuation of favorable advices from abroad, the market remains very firm; stocks generally are light, most of the recent arrivals from the interior being to fill former contracts, and holders are very firm in their demands; transactions, however, are limited, and the week's sales have been confined to small parcels, all of which readily bring full former rates. We quote Anthracite at $23.50 and 25 for the three numbers, on the usual terms. Blooms are held more firmly, and prices range at $72.50a75, 4 mos. Of Scotch Pig the arrivals have been moderate, but the sales are only in small lots at steady prices.

HOPS are very dull, with a small business only to notice at 2a3c for 1855, and 1a2c for 1856 Western.

LEAD—The market is quiet, but some 500 pigs Spanish have been disposed of at about 5c @ lb.

LEATHER—The demand continues active, and the market nearly bare of stock; prices have an upward tendency, and we alter our quotations to correspond with the present current rates.

LUMBER—The market is not very brisk; a fair business, however, has been done in white pine Boards at $15 for Lehigh, and $16 for Susquehanna. Hemlock Boards are bringing $14, and Scantling $17@18. Of yellow Boards further sales have been made at $18a19 @ M. Shingles and Laths are steady in price.

MOLASSES—The demand is good and about 1,200 hhds foreign, principally dried Cuba, have been taken, part for selling, at 22½c, usual terms. New Orleans is scarce and wanted, and prime would bring 31a32c, 4 mos.

NAVAL STORES—The market for articles under this head has been rather quiet, and Spirits Turpentine has slightly declined, sales ranging at 42a43c @ gallon, cash and time. Of Rosin, some sales are reported, mostly low grade No 1, at $2.30 @ bbl. Tar and Pitch sell in a small way at previous quotations.

OILS—Very little movement in Sperm and Whale, and prices rule about stationary. Lard Oil is firmer, and prices range at 85a90 cents, the latter for Winter. Linseed is also better, and sales are making at 83a84 cents, as to lots. Red Oil is scarce, and wanted at 85c.

PLASTER—There is more arriving, and prices are somewhat unsettled; several cargo sales have been made, but the prices have been kept private.

PROVISIONS—Holders are firm in their demands, but the market generally has been inactive for the want of stock; Mess Pork is held at $18a 9.50 @ bbl, with but little offering or selling. Beef is dull, with a small business only to note at about previous rates. There is moving of as wanted at rather improved rates. Hams range at 10a11c, the latter fancy canvassed. Shoulders 8½a9c, and Sides at 9¾a10c; holders now ask the latter figure for prime lots. Green Meats are also held more firmly, and some 500 casks have changed hands in lots at 8a8½c for Hams, 7¾a7¾c for Shoulders, and 9¾c for Sides, all afloat. Lard is selling in a small way at 10¾a11c @ bbl, the latter for prime kegs. Kegs are held at 12c. Butter and Cheese come in slowly, and the sales continue limited, without much change in quotations.

RICE—Has been quiet, but the market at the close is je better; sales to the extent of about 300 casks are reported at from $3.37½ to $4.25 @ 100 lbs, as to quality.

SALT—The import of about 2,000 sacks Liverpool Ground, just in sold on terms not transpired.

SEEDS—There is little or nothing doing, for the want of stock. Prime Cloverseed, if here, would bring $6a6.50 @ bushel, but there is none offering. Timothy is also quiet, and prices are nearly nominal at $2.25a2.50 @ bush. Flaxseed continues unsettled. The last sales of Domestic were at $1.65a1.75 @ bushel.

STARCH—The market for foreign continues quiet, and holders firm in their demand. The recent arrival of Brandt has mostly all gone into store. N. E. Rum firm, we quote at 24a25c, the latter for pure. Whiskey continues very scarce, as prices have further advanced; sales range at 21½a22c for hhds, and 23a23½c for bbls, mostly at the latter rate.

WOOL—The demand has fallen off, but the market has rated about with former quotations. We quote Saxony Fleece at 60a62c; full blood Merino, 55a57c; three-quarters, 50a52c; half blood, 45a47c; common, 40a42c; Pulled, extra, 50a52c; No 1, 42a45c; No 2, 35a38c; California, 30a35c; Smyrna, 20a22c; Mexican, 18a20c; Texas, 18a20c; Chilian, 18a20c; Peruvian, 18a20c; Valparaiso, 18a20c; Buenos Ayres, 18a20c; Cape Good Hope, 18a20c; Mauritius, 18a20c; Canada, 18a20c; Superfine, 30a32c; No 1, 25a28c; No 2, 20a22c.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET.

At Strickland's Drove Yard there were about 350 head of Beef Cattle offered during the week; the demand was active, and prices fully sustained, ranging at from $3 to $11 the 100 lbs, the latter for prime fat Cattle.

The following are the sales, and where from, as far as we could learn:

Isaac Abrams & Bakman sold 92 head, 15 from Chester County and 77 from Ohio, at $7.50a10.50.

A. Ritenbaugh sold 12 from Lancaster County, good quality and fat, at $10@11.

Kennedy & Yeakle sold 40 head from Ohio, middling quality, at $8a10½.

J. Quackenbush sold 39 from Berks County, also middling, at $9a10¼.

H. Hooton sold a few of good quality at $10½, and J. Mullen, of Ohio, and others, a few common and medium quality at $7a9½ the 100 lbs; all at market were disposed of.

At the Union Drove Yard there were nearly 1,000 head of Beef Cattle offered, and all but about 50 sold at from $8½ to $11 the 100 lbs, the latter for extra quality. Among which S. & J. Seldomridge sold 200 from Ohio and 30 from Lancaster County at $10@10½.

J. Cochran & Co., 100 Ohio and 30 Lancaster County at the same prices.

Philip Hathaway sold 55 Lancaster County, good, at 9 @ 9¾c.

Scott & Kimball sold 90 Virginia and Chester County, middling quality, at $9a10¼.

John Todd sold 100 middling Virginia and 45 good Lancaster County, at $10a10½.

J. Hubbard sold 45 Lancaster County, good, at $9½a10½.

J. Hostetter, of Lancaster County, sold 20 Cattle of his own feeding, extra quality, at $10@11 the 100 lbs.

There were some other lots of medium quality sold at prices not made public.

About 150 head of Cattle arrived at Jonas Adling's, 20 of which were driven to New York.

Of Cows and Calves, about 150 were offered at Thompson's Washington Drove Yard, Ridge Avenue, and all sold at from $15 to $60. Prime Cows are scarce. Feeders brought $35a 35 each.

Veals sold freely at 5½a7½c @ lb.

Hogs—About 2,500 have arrived at Singer's Union Drove Yard, for the week, principally from the West. The market was dull, prices ranging at 7½a8 the 100 lbs. About 800 remain unsold.

Sheep and Lambs are more plenty, and prices are declining. About 5,000 were at market during the week, and sales ranged at from $2 to $5 each for the former and $3.50a4.50 for the latter, according to condition.

The following is a recapitulation of the receipts of the week, and where from:

	Beeves.
Ohio,	475
Pennsylvania,	407
Virginia,	210
Western,	250
Total,	1,435
Cows and Calves,	150
Hogs,	2,500
Sheep and Lambs,	5,000

BALTIMORE MARKET.

FLOUR—The demand was fair, and for good brands the market was firm. There were sales on 'Change of 100 bbls mixed brands of Howard street at $6.12½; 1,000 bbls straight brands do at $6.25; and 500 bbls City Mills at $6.12½. There have been sales of 500 bbls Ohio at $6.25. Family and Extra Flour—The transactions are light at former rates. We quote Baltimore ground family at $7a8.50; and extra do at $6a6.50; Howard Street extra at $7a7.25. Rye Flour—The market is very dull. We hear of no sales. Is held at $4. Corn Meal is also quiet. We quote City at $2.62½, and Country at $3.25. Sales very limited.

GRAIN—Wheat—The receipts were 18,000 bushels; there was a brisk demand, and prices were 2 to 3c better. We quote good to prime red at 140a150c; good to prime white at 160a170c; and choice do at 175a180c; a lot of 300 bushels choice Zimmerman red sold at 155c. Corn—The receipts were 8,000 bushels. Sales of white at 46a48c for fair, and 50a52c for good to prime. Yellow sold at 46a48c for fair, and 50a52c for good to prime lots. Corn in the ear was in brisk demand at the above quotations. Rye—There were no offerings. We quote as before, viz: Maryland and Virginia at 80a90c, and Pennsylvania at 70a72c. Oats—There were 6,000 bushels offered; the market was rather heavy. We note sales of Maryland and Pennsylvania oats are worth 31a32c.

PEAS AND BEANS—Peas are very scarce and in good demand at improved rates. We note sales at $2.25 @ bag of two bushels. Beans sell at $1.25a1.50 @ bushel.

BACON—There was a sale of 44 hhds Bacon Shoulders at 8c, cash. Bulk Meats—We quote sales of 75 hhds Shoulders at 7½a8c, 200 lbs Sides, loose, at 9½c, and 50,000 the loose Shoulders and Hams on private terms. Lard—There is no change to note in Lard; small sales continue to be made at 11c in bbls, and 11½a12c in kegs. Butter—There is quite a brisk demand for fresh Glades and Goshen, and sales of consignments lots have been made at 20a22c. The transactions in old Glades have been also large at 12½a15c, the latter price being for a prime article. The stock of Western has become very much reduced, and we may now quote it at 12a14c for fair; city packed is worth 18c, and new Roll 15a16c.

WHISKEY—The demand is quite brisk. We note sales of city at 22a22½c. The market is very firm at these rates. Sales of 100 bbls Ohio at 20c.

May 26.—The market for Flour and Wheat is unchanged. Corn is 1c better.

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

TOTAL RECEIPTS.

Beeves	2,264	Swine	2,000
Veals	1,130	Milch Cows	223
Sheep and Lambs	5,428		

BEEVES.

With a considerable falling off in the supply, this week's prices have been sustained, though but feebly.

The plenty and cheapness of fish, eggs, &c., has been familiarly felt by butchers, who complained of large quantities of coarse meats left on their hands, the high prices of beef being beyond the reach of the poorer classes, and the abundant supplies of the other eatables available at reasonable prices, have furnished a substitute generally embraced. The demand in consequence was quite dull at Allerton's, and all the indications were favorable to a decline.

We learn that a number of cattle intended for this market were brought up at Albany—some 1,200 head were taken thence to the eastward. Had they come here, a heavy reduction in prices would inevitably have followed, as, notwithstanding the large reduction in the supply here from last week, we find that the heavy decline then conceded has not only been unrecovered, but the whole appearance of the market argues favorably for easier prices.

At Allerton's, 2,500 head were offering against 3,345 last week. The decrease in the total receipts at all market places is 1,778 head. The quality of the stock is of a fair average, if anything a trifle inferior to last week's.

The weather was clear and delightful, improving the appearance of both quadrupeds and bipeds. By reference to our table it will be seen that some of the stock was derived in this State, the West, as usual, being the chief contributors, and Illinois this week furnishing the largest number.

Up to the close the feeling was depressed, and prices tended downward.

We quote prices as follows:

Best cattle	10a	Common quality	8½
Good quality	9a9¼	Inferior quality	8a

(Sections of country from whence brought.)

From New York	90
Ohio,	240
Illinois	1,060
Indiana	60
Virginia	204
Connecticut	90
Kentucky	142
Iowa	138
Total,	2,994
Received last week,	4,772

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Partaking of the influences which have depressed Beef, and decreased the consumption of meats generally, we find this market lower and dull.

The supply at Browning's come mostly from Ohio, a few only from this State, including 332 Lambs from New Jersey—the Sheep were nearly all clipped—5th remained in the pens this morning.

LORD CLARENDON'S REPLY TO MR. MARCY.

In the Crampton Enlistment difficulty, Lord Clarendon, in a letter to Mr. Dallas, reviews the facts alleged against Mr. Crampton, and concludes as follows:—

In reply to the general statements of Mr. Marcy's despatch, the undersigned must repeat that her Majesty's government gave the most positive orders that no man should be enlisted or engaged within the territory of the United States, and that the neutrality laws of the United States should be strictly and scrupulously respected; but Mr. Marcy now contends this was not enough; and though in conversation with Mr. Crampton, on the 22d of March, 1855, he said that he could not object to any number of persons going to Nova Scotia, to be there enlisted, provided the neutrality laws of the United States were not infringed, he now argues that the enlistment in Nova Scotia of persons coming thither from the United States was a violation of the policy of the United States, and that not to respect that policy was an offence on the part of Great Britain against the sovereign rights of the United States. Now, in reply to this, the undersigned begs to observe, that the policy of a nation in regard to its internal arrangements must be sought for in the laws of that nation: that what those laws forbid, it must be understood to be the policy of the State to prohibit, and that what those laws do not forbid, it must be understood to be the policy of the State to allow. In every State, whatever may be its form of government, there is a sovereign power; that sovereign power may impose upon the subjects or citizens of such State what duties, obligations and restrictions it may think fit, and it is a necessary conclusion that when the sovereign power puts a limit to its enactments, whether of obligation or of prohibition, it means to leave its subjects or citizens free in regard to all matters not within the enactments of the law. This principle is, indeed, admitted by Mr. Buchanan's note of the 6th of July, wherein he lays it down that the neutral policy of the United States is "defined and enforced" in the statute of 1818. Different countries have different laws in regard to the enlistment of their subjects and citizens in the military and naval service of other States, and these laws vary according to the different policy of these countries with respect to such matters.

In Great Britain the law not only prohibits recruiting or enlisting within the British dominions, for the the service of any foreign State without the permission of the sovereign, but it goes further, and prohibits any subject of her Majesty from enlisting even elsewhere without the royal permission. The policy of Great Britain hence appears to be to prevent British subjects from entering at all into the service of foreign States without the permission of the crown. The law of the United States appears to be different. Her Majesty's Government understood, and that understanding is confirmed by Mr. Buchanan's note of the 6th of July, that the law of the United States only forbids enlistments, recruiting, and contracts or engagements within the United States, and hiring or retaining persons to quit the United States with intent to be enlisted elsewhere, but it does not forbid citizens of the United States who may have used their natural right of quitting the United States to enlist into the service of a foreign State when they have left their own country.

The sovereign power of the United States might, if it had chosen to do so, have followed its citizens with a prohibitory enactment beyond the territory of the United States; but it has not thought fit to do so, and the just and inevitable conclusion is that what it might have forbidden, but has not forbidden, it has designedly allowed; that is to say, in other words, that it is the policy of the United States to prevent foreign enlistments within the United States, but it is not the policy of the United States to forbid the citizens of the United States to enlist, when out of the United States, in the service of foreign states, if they should choose to do so. Such being the state of this matter, it is obvious that the British Government cannot justly be charged with any disregard of the policy of the United States, nor with any disrespect to their sovereign rights, by taking into the Queen's military service any persons who, having come from the United States, freely and without contract or engagement, into a British territory, might there be willing to enlist.

The real questions at issue between her Majesty's Government and that of the United States, are, whether the British Government ordered or contemplated any violation of the neutrality laws of the United States; whether, if the British Government did not order or contemplate such violation, those laws were nevertheless violated by persons acting with the authority or approbation of the British Government; and lastly, whether if any violation of the law of the United States did take place, sufficient satisfaction has been given to the Government of that country. In regard to the first point, the British Government neither ordered nor contemplated any violation whatever of the laws of the United States; but, on the contrary, issued the most positive and repeated orders that those laws should not be infringed by any persons acting under their authority. In regard to the second point, Mr. Marcy alleges that notwithstanding the orders of the British Government, officers and agents of that Government did, within the United States, do things which were a violation of the neutrality laws of the United States, and Mr. Marcy especially makes this charge against Mr. Crampton, her Majesty's Minister at Washington, and against her Majesty's Consuls at Cincinnati, Philadelphia and New York. With respect to Mr. Crampton, the undersigned has to state that Mr. Crampton positively and distinctly denies the charge brought against him; he declares that he never hired or retained, or engaged a single person within the United States for the service of her Majesty, and that he never countenanced or encouraged any violation of the law of the U. S. The charge brought against Mr. Crampton is mainly founded upon evidence given by Strobel on the trial of Hertz, and on the so-called confession of Hertz himself. One of these persons, Strobel, was, in consequence of his misconduct, dismissed from employment by the Lieutenant Governor of Nova Scotia, at Halifax, and afterwards applied to Mr. Crampton, and endeavored to extort money from him by a threat, which was of course disregarded. The undersigned has the honor to transmit, as enclosures to this note, documents which sufficiently prove that both Strobel and Hertz are wholly unworthy of credit. It is impossible for her Majesty's Government to set the assertions of such men as these against the declaration of Mr. Crampton, a man of unquestionable honor. The undersigned must, indeed, remark that the whole proceeding in regard to the trial of Hertz was of such a nature that, whilst her Majesty's Minister and her Majesty's Consuls might be, and indeed were, inculpated by the evidence of unscrupulous witnesses, that Minister and those Consuls had not any means or any opportunity of rebutting the charges which were thus incidentally and indirectly brought against them. With regard to her Majesty's Consuls at Cincinnati, Philadelphia, and New York, they all equally deny the charges which have been brought against them, and they declare that they have in no way whatever infringed the laws of the United States. With respect to Mr. Rowcroft, her Majesty's Consul at Cincinnati, the undersigned has to observe that legal proceedings against that gentleman are still pending. As to the origin, character, and nature of those proceedings, the undersigned might have much to say; but, as they are still pending, he abstains from doing so.

He must, however, be permitted to remark that it would, at all events, be inconsistent with the plainest principles of justice to assume as established charges which are still the subject matter of judicial investigation. The accusation against Mr. Mathew, Her Majesty's Consul at Philadelphia, rests entirely on assertions made by Hertz. Those assertions are entirely denied by Mr. Mathew; and her Majesty's Government can scarcely believe that the Government of the United States, with the knowledge which it must have obtained of the character of Hertz, will be able to concur with the government of her Majesty in giving credit to Mr. Mathew. With respect to Mr. Barclay, her Majesty's Consul at New York, he declares that he neither favored the alleged recruiting nor participated in it, nor was informed of the hiring, engaging, or engaging any man for that purpose. Her Majesty's Government cannot but accept the denial of those gentlemen as more worthy of belief than the assertions and evidence of such men as Hertz and Strobel.

But Mr. Marcy considers that the conduct of Mr. Barclay in the affair of the bark Maury ought to form an additional reason why her Majesty's Government should recall him. Upon this the undersigned must observe that Mr. Barclay received information, both from persons in the service of the United States, pleading to the belief that the bark Maury was fitting out with designs hostile to British interests, and at variance with the neutrality laws of the United States. It was Mr. Barclay's bounden duty to communicate that information without delay to her Majesty's Minister at Washington. Mr. Barclay did so, and his subsequent action in the matter was then at an end. Mr. Crampton submitted this information to the proper authorities of the U. States, in order that they might determine what proceedings, if any, it might be right to take thereupon. The officers of the United States considered that *prima facie* case against the Maury to be sufficient to call for proceedings on their part. Such proceedings were accordingly instituted by them, and not by Mr. Barclay, whose conduct in regard to the Maury was in strict performance of his duty, and received the approval of her Majesty's Government. With regard to the last point, the undersigned must refer to the proofs of satisfaction, and to the explanations already given, and to the repeated expression of the sincere regret of her Majesty's Government, if, contrary to their intentions, and to their reiterated directions, there has been any infringement of the laws of the United States. The undersigned has now had the satisfaction of communicating to the Government of the United States statements and declarations of her Majesty's Minister at Washington, and of her Majesty's Consuls at New York, Philadelphia and New York, as to the facts disputed to them. The Government of the United States has been led to suppose that the law and the sovereign rights of the United States had not been respected by her Majesty's Government, and, relying upon evidence deemed to be trustworthy, they believed that that law and those rights had been infringed by British agents. If such had been the case, the Government of the United States would have been entitled to demand, and her Majesty's Government would not have hesitated to afford, the most ample satisfaction, for no discredit can attach to the frank admission and complete reparation of an unquestionable wrong.

Her Majesty's Government, however, unequivocally disclaim any intention either to infringe the law or to disregard the policy, or not to respect the sovereign rights of the United States, and the Government of the United States will now, for the first time, learn that her Majesty's Minister at Washington, and her Majesty's Consuls at New York, Philadelphia, and Cincinnati, solemnly affirm that they have not committed any of the acts that have been imputed to them. The Government of the United States will now also, for the first time, have an opportunity of weighing the declarations of four gentlemen of unimpeached honor and integrity against evidence upon which no reliance ought to be placed.

The undersigned cannot but express the earnest hope of her Majesty's Government that these explanations and assurances may prove satisfactory to the Government of the United States, and effectually remove any misapprehension which may have hitherto existed; and he cannot doubt that such a result will afford as much pleasure to the Government of the United States as to that of her Majesty, by putting an end to a difference which has been deeply regretted by her Majesty's Government; for there are no two countries which are bound by stronger ties or by higher considerations than the United States and Great Britain to maintain unbroken the relations of perfect cordiality and friendship. The undersigned, &c.,

CLARENDON.

FOREIGN PLANTS.

The Agricultural Department of the Patent Office has forwarded to the Agricultural Committee of the House of Representatives an interesting report upon what has been done so far in the way of naturalizing foreign herbs and plants in the United States. We quote the following paragraphs:—

"Measures have been taken to procure from every quarter of the globe such seeds, plants, roots, and cuttings as would be likely to succeed in any part of the country, and placing them in the hands of persons who were the most likely to test their adaptation to our climate and soil. As a matter of course, many of the experiments thus made unavoidably proved abortive, but in numerous cases they were attended with the most signal success; and a single product, in the opinion of competent judges, has added millions to our resources. For instance, a variety of wheat known as the "Mediterranean," which was brought to this country a few years ago, has proved highly productive, hardy, and maturing several days earlier than other varieties, thereby escaping the ravages of insects and rusts, besides being sooner ready for market.

Within the last year no less than seventeen varieties of wheat have been introduced from distant parts of the globe and distributed in various sections of the Union, most of which promise to be attended with good success.

The "Indian millet," or "Dourah corn," of African origin, has also been introduced, and at present constitutes a valuable crop in the South.

The "Japan pea," unsurpassed by all others in its yield, believed to be of Eastern origin, has been cultivated in various parts of the country with remarkable results.

The "Chinese yam," originally from China, but more recently from France, which promises to serve as an excellent substitute both for the sweet and the common potato, has been sufficiently tested to prove its value in the Southern as well as in the Middle States.

The "chufa," or "earth almond," a small tuberus esculent from the south of Spain, which has naturalized itself to our soil and climate, has proved prolific in its yield when grown in light, sandy soils, as well as those which are rich, and bids fair to become a valuable forage crop for cattle and swine.

At least thirty varieties of turnip seed, including the best cultivated in England, as well as on the continent of Europe, have been imported and disseminated in every State and territory of the Union. The benefits are already apparent. Similar experiments are now being instituted with all the leading varieties of grasses, cabbages and peas of Europe, the results of which will soon be made known.

Among the forage crops, it may be mentioned that the "Chinese sugar cane," (*sorgho sucre,*) a new gramineous plant of Chinese origin, but more recently from France, has been introduced, and has proved itself well adapted to the geographical range of Indian corn. The amount of fodder which it will produce to the acre, is estimated to be twenty-five tons, the stalks of which are filled with a rich saccharine juice, the whole plant being devoured with avidity by cattle, horses and swine. It is of easy cultivation, being similar to that of maize or broom corn; and if the seeds are sown early in May in the Middle States, two crops of fodder can be raised from the same roots in the season—one about the first of August, and the other in October.

Another valuable forage crop, the "German millet," (*Moha de Hongrie,*) has been introduced from France, which is very productive, of quick growth, resists drought, and flourishes well on dry soils.

Among the cuttings of fruit trees and vines which have been introduced, may be mentioned the "Prune d'Agen," the "Prune Sainte Catharine," the "Vigne Corinth." The two former have been grafted on the common plum in all the States north of Pennsylvania, and on the mountainous districts of that State, Maryland, and Virginia. From the success which has attended this experiment, there is every reason to hope that there will soon be produced sufficient dried prunes in those regions to supply the wants of the whole Union.

Among the seeds of indigenous growth which have been selected and distributed in reference to their superior qualities, as well as to their probable adaptedness to certain parallels and localities, and which have proved highly productive, there may be noted several varieties of Indian corn.

Among these are the "Improved King Philip," or "Brown Corn," obtained from an island in a lake in New Hampshire, which was extensively disseminated in all the States north of New Jersey and the mountainous districts of Pennsylvania, Maryland, and of Virginia. The result has been that it matured in less than ninety days from the time of planting (about the middle of June,) and yielded, in one instance, one hundred and thirty-four bushels of shelled corn to the acre. Another superior variety from New Mexico, "the New Mexican White Flint," has been distributed, which appears to be adapted to the entire corn region south of Massachusetts. For culinary use, either green or dry, its quality of excellence is unsurpassed.

Among the products which it has been proposed to introduce from abroad, with a view of making special experiments, to be conducted by agricultural societies or by individuals in the several States and Territories of the Union, may be named considerable quantities of all the best varieties of wheat and of other cereals of the globe. In addition to these, there might be imported the seeds, roots, or cuttings of all the principal economical plants and trees known, and experimented upon in a similar manner.

MR. CRAMPTON.—Among the official documents communicated to the House on May 19th, was a letter from Mr. Crampton, dated April last, informing Mr. Marcy of the systematic manner in which the flag and vessels of the United States are abused by persons engaged in the African Slave trade to Cuba. Mr. Marcy has replied that he will endeavor to use the information for the prosecution of the Americans therein concerned.

The French Minister is said to be intensely interested in the question of Mr. Crampton's dismissal. On this question no decision has as yet been made by the Cabinet. The despatches from Lord Clarendon, it will be seen, neither refuse, or assent to, the demand of this Government for the recall of Mr. Crampton and the British Consuls.

In the absence of information as to what course the Government will take with reference to Mr. Crampton, distinguished gentlemen who are engaged in the effort to prevent his dismissal, incline to the opinion that delay is favorable to him, and that at most there will be merely a suspension of diplomatic functions till further advices from London, while others still insist that he will be dismissed.

MOVEMENT TO CHEAPEN FLOUR.—A new commercial movement is about being established in Boston, designed to cheapen the price of flour. It is proposed to raise a capital, by subscription, which shall be devoted to the purchase of wheat and the manufacture of flour—the wheat to be purchased of the western farmers, ground at mills to be controlled by the capitalists, and sent to the cities for delivery, where it will be sold, for cash, simply adding one per cent. commission, for store rent, desk hire, insurance, &c., above the cost of the flour at the mills, and the cost of transportation. It is said that the entire cost of grinding and barrelling the grain at the Western mills is more than covered by the value of the bran and shorts. Agents have already been established in the West to buy, and the officers have already been chosen for the undertaking, to commence as soon as 400 shares have been subscribed, of $48 each, which are to be paid in quarterly instalments of $12 per share. The central agency for New England will be in Boston. The plan has been submitted to some of the best business men, who express themselves well assured of its practicability, and the gentlemen named as directors for the new concern are entitled to public confidence.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 176—Adults 69, and children 107.

A CURIOUS STORY.—The Washington correspondent of the Examiner, an excellent religious weekly, published in New York, gives the following curious story of a recent incident in the Senate:

"Nor is this the only instance of getting up a reputation in the Senate by the learning of others. An amusing instance of this sort occurred no longer ago than Wednesday last, when Mr. Jones, of Iowa, made his 'maiden speech,' which he was allowed to make, in reply to Mr. Harlan's speech, entirely out of order, but, inasmuch as it was his maiden speech, and he wanted to make it then, the Senate graciously granted his request. The Hon. Senator got on very well with reading the speech at first, but soon it was apparent *he could not read his own handwriting.* The manuscript was very bad, and at times the Senator was quite unable to make out what it was. This, recurring so often, excited the surprise of Senators, when soon it was whispered about that the speech was not his own, but the Rev. Mr. Davis's, the Senate Chaplain, from Iowa, who was brought here by Mr. Jones, probably to do him this very service. The Senate Chaplain stood behind the chair of the President of the Senate, in great trepidation at the halting manner in which Mr. Senator Jones was getting on with his speech.

"One of the Senators, who was let into the secret of the paternity of this speech, went behind the chair of the President, and coming up to the Rev. clergyman, said to him, 'How is it, Mr. Davis, you allow your Senator and friend to make himself so supremely ridiculous by such a speech as he is now delivering?' The Rev. Chaplain, reddened up to his hair, stammered out, 'What have I to do with Mr. Jones's speech! I don't see him very often.'"

NEW STATES.—It appears that there is no certain rule as to the amount of population a new State must have to be admitted into the Union. Louisiana was admitted in 1812, with 24,000 inhabitants; Indiana in 1816, with 23,890; Mississippi in 1817, with about 16,000; Arkansas in 1836, with 25,671; Michigan in 1837, with 31,000; Florida in 1845, with 27,-943; and Texas and California without any particular reference to population.

NICARAGUA.—The Nicaragua excitement still runs high at New Orleans. The Daniel Webster sailed on the 23rd inst., with a number of recruits for Walker.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 and 16 Ann Street, New York.
BURNHAM, FEDERHEN & Co., Boston, Mass.
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THE TRIUMPH COMPLETE.

Another perfect cure of Epilepsy by Dr. Hance's Epileptic Pills.

DURANT'S NECK, PENNEGRAM'S Co., Oct. 1st, 1855.

DR. HANCE—Dear Sir:—Having been afflicted with falling fits for some years past, I determined to give your Pills a trial, (advertisement of which I saw in some of the papers,) and continued to use them for some months, until I was entirely cured. I believe them to be a first rate article; and since I have used them, I have not had one attack, and am now in the enjoyment of good health.

I am, very respectfully,

Yours, &c., JONATHAN S. JACOBS.

P. S. The Pills were recommended to me by Mr. Nathan Newby, of this county, to whose address you sent them.

These Pills, besides curing Epilepsy, are a specific for all modifications of nervous disease. Price $3 per box; two boxes for $5; twelve boxes for $24. Persons enclosing a remittance will have the Pills sent them through the mail, on its receipt. For sale by *Seth S. Hance*, No. 108 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md., to whom orders from all parts of the Union must be addressed.

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.

A retired Clergyman, restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is anxious to make known the means of cure. Will send (free) the prescription used. Direct the Rev. JOHN M. DAGNALL, No. 50 Fulton street, Brooklyn, New York. my10-4t

A FLARE-UP ON CHESTNUT STREET.—A great excitement was caused in Chestnut street one day last week by a conflict that took place between two gentlemen. After high words had passed, one of the parties acknowledged his error, and said he mistook his antagonist for somebody else in consequence of the shabbiness of his coat. The shabby one took the hint and procured a new outfit forthwith at the new store of Rockhill & Wilson, Nos. 205 and 207 Chestnut street.

ASTHMA.—This most disheartening complaint has been completely cured in many instances by the use of Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. Surely anything that will afford relief from this painful disease will be hailed as a real blessing.

A WONDERFUL CURE OF A LADY WELL KNOWN.—Mrs. Caroline A. Cuthbert, of New Orleans, who was most all the time confined to her bed for three years with Rheumatism, and had the very best medical advice that city afforded, visited a friend in Philadelphia, on her tour to Saratoga last summer, and was advised to try A. E. Smith's *Electric Oil. The first* application gave *relief*, and in less than one month she was cured.

I testify that Mrs. Cuthbert so informed me yesterday.

Mrs. E. A. PETTON,
2 Owen Street.

GREAT CURE OF PILES AND RHEUMATISM.—The ex-Mayor of Camden says:—Half a dozen applications of the genuine "Electric Oil" has cured my Piles and Rheumatism.

CHARLES SETTON.

Phthisic and Asthma.—Mrs. Mary Sutton, Twentieth and Poplar, says the Electric Oil is infallible for those distressing complaints.

Beware of fraud and see A. E. Smith on all the labels.
Dr. Smith's Great Central Depot is N. E. corner Walnut and 8th Streets is one of the attractions of Philada. 1t

A PLEASURE BREATH.—What lady or gentleman would remain under the curse of a disagreeable breath when by using the "*Balm of a Thousand Flowers*" as a dentifrice would not only render it sweet but leave the teeth white as alabaster? Many persons do not know their breath is bad, and the subject is on delicate their friends will never mention it. Pour a single drop of the "Balm" on your tooth-brush and wash the teeth night and morning. A fifty cent bottle will last a year.

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CONSUMPTIVES READ THE FOLLOWING:

I have found your EXPECTORANT a valuable article in a very troublesome, persistent cough that I have had for many years, which depended on a disposition of the Bronchia to take a morbid action pending changes in the weather. It has been relieved by LESS THAN A BOTTLE SUFFICE. I opened the bottle for the benefit of an infant child, whose lungs were laboring under an engorgement of mucus—after premising an emetic at first, I have found the Expectorant sufficient ever since—a portion of the bottle cured my cough. I am now giving it to a relative who has a predisposition to ASTHMA, whose health is improving under its use. The improved weather no doubt a favorable influence—but I shall persevere in its use.

Signed, D. LADDENDALE.
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JAYNE'S LIQUID HAIR DYE will instantaneously change the Hair from ANY OTHER COLOR to a BEAUTIFUL BLACK without injury to the skin.

Prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE & SON, 84 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, and for sale by their agents throughout the country. my17-6t

THE THROAT AND LUNGS.

DR. ROBERT HUNTER desires to announce that, for the information and guidance of those who are suffering from affections of the Throat and Lungs, he has established a Family Medical Paper, entitled "THE STETHOSCOPE, AND JOURNAL OF DISEASES OF THE CHEST," in which will be found a full exposition of his views on every subject connected with Pulmonary diseases.

The February number contains—in addition to much information which should be read by every one predisposed to or suffering from either Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, or Consumption—an extended explanation of the method of treatment by INHALATION.

Dr. HUNTER would also announce that he has opened branch establishments for the treatment of these diseases at Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington.

These offices are placed under the professional charge of skilful and accomplished resident Physicians, who have adopted, in Europe and in association with him in New York, long and great experience in the treatment of Pulmonary diseases. Patients resident in those cities will, therefore, in future enjoy all the advantages of Dr. HUNTER'S advice and treatment under the most favorable auspices.

These arrangements are rendered necessary by the empiricisms practiced under the name of *Inhalation*, both by wandering quacks, who, in many instances, use Dr. HUNTER'S name for their own purposes, and by the sale of *inhaling machines* at the drug stores throughout the country. Such influences tend to bring discredit on inhalation and to discourage persons from availing themselves of this, the only scientific and successful mode of treating diseases of the Respiratory Organs.

In chronic affections of the Throat and Lungs there is no difficulty attending the treatment of cases by correspondence; and for the convenience of those wishing to avail themselves of his treatment, Dr. HUNTER has prepared a List of Questions which will enable them to give a more full and explicit statement of their cases. This List, together with a number of "THE STETHOSCOPE," will be forwarded on application to either of the following addresses:

New York—Dr. ROBERT HUNTER, No. 828 Broadway.
Philadelphia—Dr. F. MORSON, No. 302 Walnut Street.
Baltimore—Dr. J. H. WILLIAMS, No. 525, North Charles Street.

NOTE—Dr. MORSON can always be consulted *personally*, as well as by letter, at his residence, No. 302 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

"THE STETHOSCOPE" is published at $1 a year in advance. A specimen copy sent free, by addressing the Publishers, SUTTON & Co., Astor House, New York; or of the Editor, Dr. ROBERT HUNTER. ap26-tf

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ADAPTED to Warming and Ventilating all kinds of public and private buildings. Being the cheapest, most substantial, simple and efficient

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It is entirely safe. Cannot be mismanaged, and is especially economical in the consumption of fuel.

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mar8-tf No. 52 North 6th St., Philadelphia.

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☞ Payment is required in advance.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 15th of May, by the Rev. N. S. Strassburger, Mr. HIRAM HOFFMAN, to Miss ELIZABETH FATHMAN, both of East Coventry Township, Chester county, Pa.

On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. J. M. Douglass, C. A. EDMONDS, of New London county, Conn. to Miss M. J. FORREST, of Philadelphia.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. N. C. Preston, Mr. JOHN F. WYMAN, of Louisville, Ky. to Miss MARY A. daughter of the late Lewis Gaston, of this city.

On the 27th instant, by the Rev. J. G. Clay, D. D., Mr. WILLIAM S. SELLERS, to Miss ELIZABETH COCHRAN, both of this city.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. William Ramsey, D. D., Mr. JOHN MCELROY, to Miss ISABELLA JANE, daughter of S. Lindsay, Esq. both of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. F. T. Gallhopper, Mr. CHRISTOPHER J. SHINDEL, to Miss MARGARET E. BROWN, both of Camden, N. J.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. Andrew Manship, Mr. Isaac N. VERNEY, to Miss EMILY G. DAVIS, both of Pea Shore, N. J.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. C. F. Turner, Mr. THOMAS CHESTNAD, to Miss ELIZABETH PLATT, both of this city.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. T. A. Fenaly, Mr. AUGUSTUS CANE, to Miss MATILDA DUNBAR, both of Port Penn, Del.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. John A. Rocke, Mr. FRANCIS T. HOWELL, to HELENA S. S. GILBERT, both of this city.

On the 15th instant, by the Rev. James McCaskie, Mr. JOHN HARRIS, to Miss SARAH ANN, both of Philadelphia.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. W. Sterrett, Mr. ROBERT JOHNSTON, to Miss JANE HUNTER, both of this city.

On the 30th of March, by the Rev. John C. Baker, Mr. ROBERT A. WHITE, to Miss SARAH A. IVES, both of this city.

On the 15th instant, by the Rev. J. R. Anderson, Mr. APOLLOS DICKINSON, to Miss HARRIET, daughter of Mr. Russell Briggs.

On the 24th of Dec. last, by John O. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. SAMUEL CRUMAN, of Richmond, to Miss MATILDA H. CAVE, daughter of the late Mr. Henry Cave, of Rhine San Village.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Doctor Clay, Mr. WM. MCFERTRES, formerly of Derreboy, county Derry, Ireland, to Miss JANE A. DAVIDSON, of this city.

On the 19th instant, by the Rev. Robert Armstrong, Mr. JAMES MCARTHUR, to Miss JANE HUNTER, both of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Shepherd, Mr. RYNAS MORRIS, of Camden, N. J. to Mrs. J. S. HOWARD, daughter of the late John Harned, of Philadelphia.

On the 17th instant, by the Rev. James T. Ward, Mr. FRANCIS WARD, to Miss MARY ANN THOMPSON, both of this city.

On the 20th instant, by the Rev. B. Griffith, ISAAC C. PEARSON, to EMILIA E. daughter of Joseph Lloyd, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 14th of April, at her residence, Indianapolis, In., AMANDA J. wife of Judge Perkins, and daughter of the late Joseph Pyle, formerly of Philadelphia.

On the 19th instant, GEORGE RENDLE, son of the late Chas. Fogel, in the 20th year of his age.

On the 21st instant, Mrs. ELIZA WILLIAMSON.

On the 21st instant, CATHARINE LACY, daughter of William J. and Elizabeth Adey, aged 4 years and 8 months.

On the 20th instant, ELIZABETH, daughter of Robert and Eliza Gilmore, aged 20 years.

On the 21st instant, GEORGE REGH, aged 6 years.

On the 21st instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH WARE, aged 39 years.

At Frankford, on the 20th instant, MARY A. KANE, daughter of the late Isaac English, aged 43 years.

On the 21st instant, ELIZABETH NEWLIN, wife of William S. Downer.

On the 21st instant, LEWIS E. son of Mary Ann and the late C. Caldwell, aged 13 years.

On the 20th instant, Mrs. CAROLINE BUTZ, aged 32 years.

On the 20th instant, JAMES A. WALTON, aged 27 years.

On the 21st instant, CHARLES, son of Henry and Emeline Garlinger, aged 14 months.

On the 20th instant, ROBERT SUTHERLAND, aged 51 years.

On the 19th instant, Mrs. MARY STINE, aged 58 years.

On the 17th instant, Mrs. SARAH A. DAVIS, aged 32 years.

On the 20th instant, Miss SARAH ELIZABETH, daughter of Capt. Henry and Sarah A. Harper, aged 17 years.

On the 19th instant, MARY ANN, daughter of John and Margaret A. Gilmore, aged 21 months.

On the 20th instant, at Beverly, N. J., SAMUEL MCMULLEN, aged 11 years.

On the 19th instant, ARCHIBALD, son of Charles and Janet McDonald, aged 19 months.

On the 15th instant, Mrs. SUSAN GRIFFITH.

At his residence, in Pedrictown, Salem county, N. Jersey, HERMON A. STRATHAM, aged 23 years.

On the 19th instant, MARY MCAVENY, aged 18 years.

On the 20th instant, HELEN, daughter of Thos and Catharine Calahan, aged 20 months.

On the 20th instant, ALFRED CUNNIHAN, son of Matthew and Emma Herron, aged 2 years and 3 months.

On the 19th instant, GEORGE W. ROAT, aged 21 years and 10 months.

On the 14th instant, SYLVESTER W. REESE, aged 11 years and 9 months.

On the 18th instant, CATHARINE, daughter of John and Rachel Goodfellow, aged 20 years and 4 months.

On the 18th instant, MICHAEL CLEMENS, aged 47 years.

On the 18th instant, MARY, wife of Geo. Russell, aged 42.

On the 16th instant, JAMES W. WOOD, aged 2 years and 3 months.

On the 16th instant, GEORGE DAVISON, of Staffordshire, England, aged 33 years.

On the 17th instant, JAMES, son of James and Margaret Robertson, aged 5 years and 6 months.

On the 17th instant, CHRISTIAN MACK, aged 53 years.

On the 16th instant, JOHN MCVAY, aged 56 years.

On the 17th instant, MARGARET, wife of William Welsh, aged 48 years.

On the 16th instant, HARRIET W. DRUMHELL, aged 21 years.

On the 17th instant, WILLIAM J. GORMAN, aged 3 years.

On the 17th instant, JOHN C. LAUNDRY, aged 6 years and 9 months.

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Wit and Humor.

A FLATTERING CRITICISM.—An actor, well known in this city, who has rather a higher opinion of himself than is entertained either by the public or by his profession, was playing a star engagement out west recently. One evening, after the performance, as he was standing on the corner of the street, listening, with tickled ear, to the flatteries uttered by three friends, a ragged Irishman approached him:

"Are you Mr. ——, the actor?"

"I am Mr. ——, the tragedian," was the actor's reply, as he inwardly wondered what business such a specimen of humanity could have with him.

"Then it's myself, sir, that wud be spaking to yez on your acting. Bedad, it's beautiful, sir!"

"Why, when did you see me act?"

"Th' other night, sir, when they played Richard the Third. Be the powers, sir, if I could have staid all night, I was so plazed."

"And pray where did you manage to raise the money to get in?"

"I didn't get in, sir, at all, at all. Divil the red cint I had nany way. But there's a shed, sir, right side of the theaytur, an' I climbed onto a post, sir, an' I saw an' heard all that was goin' on."

"And you liked it, my good fellow?"

"Ye may take yer oath of it that I did."

"There!" said the tragedian, turning to his friends, "I assure you, gentlemen, that that expression of unbiassed admiration from the lips of that honest fellow is far more gratifying to my feelings than all the unqualified praise I have invariably received at the hands of the direct critics of America. Pray, my good man," addressing himself again to the Irishman, "with what portion of my performance of Richard the Third were you most pleased?"

"Wid the dying scene, sir. Ye was so very throll an' amusin' in that, that I thought I'd kill meself wid laughin' at ye."

The tragedian walked home.—*Boston Post.*

PUNCTUATION.—A country schoolmaster, who found it rather difficult to make his pupils observe the difference in reading between a comma and a full point, adopted a plan of his own, which, he flattered himself, would make them proficients in the art of punctuation; thus, in reading, when they came to a comma, they were to say *tick*, and read on to a colon or semicolon, *tick, tick*, and when a full point, *tick, tick, tick*. Now, it so happened the worthy Dominie received notice that the parish minister was to pay a visit of examination to his school, and as he was desirous that his pupils should show to the best advantage, he gave them an extra drill the day before the examination. "Now," said he, addressing his pupils, "when you read before the minister to-morrow, you leave out the *ticks*, though you must think of them as you go along, for the sake of elocution." So far so good. Next day came, and with it the minister, ushered into the school-room by the Dominie, who, with smiles and bows, hoped that the training of the scholars would meet his approval. Now, it so happened that the first boy called up by the minister had been absent the preceding day, and in the hurry, the master had forgotten to give him instructions how to act. The minister asked the boy to read a chapter in the Old Testament, which he pointed out. The boy complied, and in his best accent began to read—"And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, *tick*, speak unto the children of Israel, *tick*, saying, *tick*, and thus shalt thou say unto them," *tick, tick, tick*. This unfortunate sally, in his own style, acted like a shower-bath on the poor Dominie, whilst the minister and his friends almost died of laughter.—*Connecticut School Journal.*

THE BOY THAT RUNS WITH THE PHŒNIX.—A gentleman of New York has a bright little colored servant of about ten or twelve years of age, who has a decided fancy for running with the "Phœnix" Fire Engine, and which, in spite of all efforts to the contrary, he persists in calling the "Fonicks." In endeavoring, one day, to impress upon him the proper pronunciation of the word, the following conversation was held:

Lady—"Andrew, why do you keep calling the engine 'Fonicks?' It's not a 'Fonicks'—it's a *Phœnix*."

Boy—"Miss Ma'y, (for Mary) it's a 'Fonicks,' the boys a' 'em so."

Lady—"No, Andrew, it's a *Phœnix*. Now, see if you can't say so."

Boy (still unconvinced)—"But the boys all call it the Fonicks, and it is a Fonicks."

Lady—"Now, Andrew, you're a gentleman's servant, and you want to talk as gentlemen talk, don't you?"

Boy—"Yes, Miss Ma'y."

Lady—"Well, if you will listen to me, I'll tell you why they called a Phœnix, and you must always call it so. The Phœnix was a bird that arose out of the ashes of the great."

Boy (*with a face expressive of great astonishment*)—"Oh, Miss Ma'y!"

Lady—"Yes, will you remember?"

Boy (*with great force and indignation*)—"Miss Ma'y, I don't a-believe that story at all, for here I've been a cleanin' de ashes out ob de grate these fo' years, an' I nebber see no bird rise out ob it."—*Knickerbocker.*

THE CELEBRATED THAKY.—The Times says the noted lecturer (Thackeray) was so persecuted with attentions in New Orleans, that his servant came to him with a dismayed look when he was about leaving, to know what should be done with all the cases of claret, baskets of champagne, and bottles of brandy that had been sent to him; and as he was leaving, the landlord came to him in a mysterious manner, and asked him to accept a bottle of his pale brandy. In St. Louis, however, he had the happiness to encounter one individual who did not know him, and, in fact, had never heard of him. As Pendennis was eating his dinner at the hotel, he heard the waiter standing behind him say to one of his tribe, "I say, Bill, that is the celebrated Thaky."

"And who the —— is the celebrated Thaky?" responded Bill, to the infinite delight of the celebrity alluded to.

THE BITER BIT.—A poor fellow, who had spent hundreds of dollars at a certain groggery, being one day faint and feeble, and out of change, asked the landlord to trust him with a glass of liquor. "No," was the reply, "I never make a practice of doing such things." The poor fellow turned to a gentleman who was sitting by, and whom he had known in better days, saying, "Sir, will you lend me sixpence?" "Certainly," was the reply. The landlord with alacrity placed the decanter and glass before him. He took a pretty good horn, and having swallowed it and replaced the glass with evident satisfaction, he turned to the man who had lent him the sixpence, and said, "Here, sir, is the sixpence I owe you—I make it a point, degraded as I am, always to pay borrowed money before I pay my grog bill."

BLITZ AMONG THE BOYS.—The progress of Signor Blitz through the country might be traced by observing the tricks of the little codgers in the various towns where he may have sojourned. The Hollidaysburgh Standard says:—"One boy, the other day, borrowed a stick of candy from a comrade, to shew how he could swallow it and pull it out of his ear. He swallowed it, and then twisted himself about in various ways to extract it, but at length informed his companion that he had forgotten that part of the trick."

PAT AND THE THERMOMETER.—In Auburn, last winter, an Irishman walking along one of the streets, saw a thermometer hanging at the side of the door on the front of the house. Stopping a moment, he looked at it, then approaching it, raised his shelaleh, and exclaimed, "An' faith, and your the little crathur what keeps the weather so cowld, are ye?" and with a terrific blow, accompanied with the usual Irish oath, brought it in a thousand pieces to the ground.

THE LAST AT THE PARTY.

Jones, enraptured with the lady of the house, has put off his departure till the very last moment. The consequence is that his own hat, just purchased, has vamoosed, and a battered old tile, looking as if it had carried many a load of "bricks," is left in its place. Jones resolves to have the very first choice at the next party.

JUVENILE SAYINGS.—The following anecdotes are from the May number of the Knickerbocker:

That was a profound insight into the "nature of things," which was exhibited by our little six-year-old boy, whom I had sent to bring me a couple of apples from the basket in the cellar. He presently returned, and handed me *one* only. "Where is the *other*, Tommy?" I asked. "Why," said the little wag, pointing to the one I held in my hand, "*that's* the *other* one!" It would require a "Philadelphia lawyer" to improve the legal "drift" of this rejoinder.

"Have you got the *Catechism*, Jenny?" said a female visitor, to a little yellow-haired girl. "Mamma," exclaimed little Willie, "did *I* ever have the *Catechism?*" He thought it was a new complaint; but it is an old one, especially with children.

Not long since, a machine shop in the Second Ward was struck by lightning. The fluid forced itself through the whole shop, and surcharged all the iron and tools with electricity. In fifteen minutes there were an hundred boys present, every one with his knife to be "magnetized." One little fellow, while rubbing his knife earnestly upon a half-melted saw, said to another, who was scrubbing away upon a file: "Joe, this is none of your boughten 'lectricity, but the *real genuine lightain', right from where they make it!*"

Not many doors from my own, live and play and romp a robust boy, and a sweet, nervous little girl. Last summer they were at play, when the patter of rain-drops drove them to the front porch, where they stood watching the approach of the rain and the tornado. Suddenly came a glaring flash, and almost at the same instant a terrific crash of thunder, which lighted up the dark heavens like a blazing furnace, and shook the ground like an earthquake. Ella clapped her ears in her hands, and ran screaming and frightened into the house, imploring Tom to follow. But Tom stood his ground until he was satisfied with his investigation of the electric phenomena; and going into the house, with a miniature Napoleon air, said to his sister: "Afore I would be afraid, Ella! 'Twouldn't scare me, if I was up where they are a-shootin' 'am!"

Our minister and his affairs come, of course, next to our own, and we treasure up little Willie's sayings. Dear little fellow! he is a great pet with us all, being the *only* one. As you have no doubt learned by this time that the last winter was very cold, it needs not to say that Willie thought so, too. Rubbing his hands before the fire one evening, while his mother was preparing him for bed, he inquired, very gravely: "Mother, do you think God 'gets out' much this cold weather?"

ANECDOTE OF WEBSTER.—Daniel Webster is the subject of a very amusing anecdote. Monsieur Sartige, the Minister from France, asked Mr. Webster whether the United States would recognize the new government of France.

The secretary assumed a very solemn tone and attitude, saying, "Why not? The United States has recognized the Bourbons, the Republic, the Directory, the Council of Five Hundred, the first Council, the Emperor, Louis XVIII., Charles X., Louis Phillipe, the—" "Enough, enough!" cried the French Minister, perfectly satisfied by such a formidable citation of consistent precedents.

☞ Jones found a Latin word in his newspaper, of which he did not know the meaning, so he appealed to Brown, who is a scholar, and—more's the shame—a punster:

"What is 'the incubi?'" said Jones.

"Maynard & Noyes," replied Brown, "isn't that the ink you buy?"

Jones felt that Brown had somehow evaded the question, but he didn't see the point and never will. Brown chuckled over the atrocity—winked at Thompson, and is "still at large."—*Post.*

WITTY BUT WICKED.—That was an equivocal compliment which was paid to Paul, the Apostle, and to an excellent preacher on a Mississippi steamer. A tipsy and talkative western man came up to the clergyman, and delivered himself in this wise, grasping his hand, and bowing ludicrously:

"How dy'e do, doctor? glad to see you; you're the preacher for me; you're a true disciple of the 'Postle Paul. I like Paul very much, very much, indeed—'cause you know as soon as he got ashore he went to *three taverns!*"

☞ Brown is erudite, a bit of a wag, and an admirer of Mr. Longfellow. Jones, who had got some hint of the matter in the newspapers, mentioned "Hiawatha" to Brown, and inquired whether it was an *original* poem. "Original?" retorted Brown, vehemently, "sir, it's aboriginal!" Jones, who is no scholar, (as Brown is,) felt sure that his question had been answered in the affirmative, and "something over," and retired in silence.

DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.—*Boy.* I say, you! are you engaged at anything in particular?

Young Gent. You impudent young scamp, what are you hollering after me for?

Boy. Oh, nothing much; only if you ain't, I'd like to borrow your upper lip to polish my boots with.

THE BEAUTY OF HUMILITY.—"In Jesus we see no display. He emptied himself of glory, as we pour the contents of a goblet on the sands. There was in him no exaltation of high conceit. He willingly let it all go, the greatness that was by right his. He stood in a low condition, and associated himself with vulgar company, and wore a common dress, and lived in the houses of the people: he used the plain talents of good sense and sober speech, and guided himself by the modest lamp of conscience, and veiled his miracles in the homely guise of charity: he journeyed after the manner of the poor, on foot, and instructed the common people in the unostentatious form of parables."

LITERARY.—The "Lady of Lyons," by Bulwer, is certainly one of the most popular plays on the stage, and its popularity is well deserved. But it may be new to many how that plot was furnished to hand in a charming story, entitled the "History of Peronne, the Bellows Mender of Lyons," written by Miss Helen Maria Williams. The story was published in the New York Minerva, in 1822, and has since appeared in various journals. The entire plot compared precisely with that of the Lady of Lyons.

Agricultural.

EXPERIMENT ON THE ELEMENTARY PRINCIPLES Of Manure as applied to the Growth of Wheat.

Such is the title of the last contribution to agricultural knowledge from the pen of the late Philip Pusey, editor of the Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society, England. In addition to the inherent value of the facts reported, and of the inferences deducible therefrom, somewhat of a melancholy interest will be felt by some in perusing this report, on account of its being the last communication to his agricultural brethren by one who held such a high place in the esteem of the public.

In this brief article we shall submit to our readers all the more important items of the original report, in a much condensed form.

The experiment was made on a field of eight acres, set apart from common cultivation for the purpose of accurate experiment. The soil was of no great depth, resting upon marble rock, and was exhausted by five previous crops of grain grown in succession to such an extent as to be an accurate test of artificial manures. Mr. Pusey thought that the most interesting use that could be made of it might consist in the separate application of those elements which are supposed to constitute conjointly the efficacy of farm-yard manure, and separately to act as fertilizers of the soil.

These elements, according to the received theory of agricultural science, may be comprised under four heads: 1. Nitrogenous substances; 2. Phosphorus; 3. Alkalis and principally Potash; and 4, That which constitutes the bulk of farm-yard manure, the straw matter, or, in chemical language, carbon.

The nitrogeneous matter employed was nitrate of soda, which has been proved to be tantamount to ammonia for agricultural purposes.

The experiment was made by drilling separately superphosphate and peat-charcoal with wheat in the autumn, and top-dressing a portion of each lot in the spring with the nitrate of soda. The fourth element, potash, was also applied in the spring.

The question of the efficacy of superphosphate on wheat, seemed to be especially interesting because of its vigorous efficacy when applied singly to the growth of turnips.

The result of the trial is given in the following table:

Quantity of Manure per Acre.	Bushels of Wheat per Acre.	Ditto with a top-dressing of 170 lbs. of Nitrate per Acre.
4 cwt. of superphosphate,	7	19½
6 cwt. of peat-charcoal,	18	18
No application	13½	19 3-10

From the result of this experiment Mr. P. thought it evident that the superphosphate, though all important for roots, had done nothing for the wheat, even on such very poor and exhausted soil, on which the efficacy of concentrated fertilizers is most easily discernible. The charcoal would appear in the first column to have done something, but as that result was not confirmed by the combined trial, the difference was very probably accidental.

The fourth element, potash, was tried by top-dressing an acre of wheat with 1 cwt. of pearl-ash; but it was evidently inoperative on the crop. So much so that separate thrashing was deemed unnecessary.

As far, then, as we can rely on this experiment, carefully made with soil duly prepared by previous exhaustion, it testifies, as Mr. P. remarks, that the only element of farm-yard manure required by wheat is nitrogen, as contained either in nitric acid or in ammonia. If this be true in an exhausted soil, where the plant can only find its other elements in the soil as it gradually crumbles down, or in the atmosphere, it must be still more true in practical farming, where they will be supplied ordinarily by manure applied to the other crops of each course.

As to one element of farm-yard manure—the woody or carbonaceous matter—the experiment is not conclusive, because, as remarked by Mr. P., though carbon applied *as charcoal* did not operate on wheat, the woody or strawy carbonaceous matter contained in ordinary manure, being more easily decomposed, might be operative.

In this experiment the produce is very low. This was owing to the gradual impoverishment of a naturally poor soil by a succession of grain crops, aided by the cutting winds of a harsh spring, which had almost blown the plants out of the soil, and rendered them almost invisible in May. In a more sheltered part of the same field the result was much better.

The *negative* results of this experiment go no far to prove the inefficiency of certain chemical elements of manure on the growth of the wheat-plant. Its *positive* result goes to prove the benefit of nitrogenous applications, and of top-dressing as one mode of applying such substances. Top-dressing is, probably, deserving of more frequent trials in ordinary practice.

TRANSPLANTING EVERGREENS.—The transplanting of evergreens is generally considered so much more difficult than that of deciduous trees, and so many persons who have tolerable success in the latter, fail in the former, that we may, perhaps, be expected to point out the reason of these frequent failures.

Most of our horticultural maxims are derived from English authors, and among them that of planting evergreens either in August, or late in Autumn. At both these seasons, it is nearly impossible to succeed in the temperate portions of the United States, from the different character of our climate at these seasons. The general moisture of the English climate renders transplanting comparatively easy at all seasons, but especially in winter, while in this country, our Augusts are dry and hot, and our winters are dry and cold. If planted in the latter part of summer, evergreens become parched in their foliage, and soon perish. If planted in autumn or early winter, the severe cold that ensues, to which the newly disturbed plant is peculiarly alive, paralyzes vital action, and the tree is so much enfeebled, that when spring arrives, it survives but a short period. The only period, therefore, that remains for the successful removal of evergreens here, is the spring. When planted as early as practicable in the spring, so as to have the full benefit of the abundant rains so beneficial to vegetation at that season, they will almost immediately protrude new shoots and regain their former vigor.

Evergreens are, in their roots, much more delicate and impatient of dryness than deciduous trees; and this should be borne in mind while transplanting them. For this reason, experienced planters always choose a wet or misty day for their removal; and in dry weather, we would always recommend the roots to be kept watered and covered from the air by mats during transportation. When proper regard is paid to this point, and to the judicious selection of the season, evergreens will not be found more difficult of removal than other trees.—*Downing's Landscape Gardening.*

GUANO FOR GRASS LANDS.—We have recently conversed with two gentlemen—both practical men and of critical observation—who informed us that they have now fields in grass, and yielding good crops, laid down some five, six and seven years ago, manuring them solely with guano, and receiving little or no manuring since. If such were to be the general result, we might bring up our farms to a wonderful degree of fertility, because a third or a half of the tillage land laid to grass with guano, and producing a full crop for several years in succession, would enable us to appropriate all the manure of the farm to the hoed crops. This would allow of very high manuring, and put the land in such condition as to produce heavy grass crops without the further application of guano. But we need further experiments, and to test the guano upon its own merits, by putting the land into grass without a particle of any other manure.—*N. E. Farmer.*

DELANO'S INDEPENDENT TOOTH HORSERAKE.

This improved rake for hay and grain, was patented on Feb. 7, 1849. The following is a description of its construction: C C are the heads into which the teeth (*fig. 3*) are inserted; if made of wood, they may be one or one and a quarter inches in thickness, and five inches wide at the upper end, holding this width about one foot to secure the lateral position of the teeth. B is the axletree into which are inserted perpendicular bolts, with an eye on the upper end of each, about four inches above the axle; through these eyes pass a rod about half an inch in diameter, and on this rod the heads (C) of the teeth are strung widthwise, thus forming a hinge or pivot by which the teeth rise and fall. The teeth themselves (*fig. 3*) are inserted into the lower end of the heads, one tooth in each head, making an angle of about fifty-six degrees with the same; the teeth are further secured to the head by wire stays, (*fig. 2.*) A is a platform placed on the shafts, and on this platform the operator stands when using the machine. J is a cross bar, about three inches by one inch and a-half in the centre, and tapering towards the ends; this is placed under the head of the teeth, about ten inches back of the rod, and extends the whole width of the machine. K is a triangular frame, hung by nibles between the rod and the axle, to the latter, and framed into the cross bar; the front part of this frame extends about thirty inches in front of the axle, and is the lever by which the heads and their teeth are raised to discharge the hay or grain, F being the platform on which the foot of the operator is placed to effect this operation.

The machine may be made of any width by increasing or diminishing the number of heads and teeth, the lateral distances of the teeth are regulated by the width of the heads, which may be more or less than 6 inches.

I use the after wheels of a single horse wagon, which are four feet in diameter—if of any other diameter, the length of the heads and teeth must be made to correspond; the head for a four-foot wheel is about forty inches between the pivot or rod and the insertion of the tooth, and the length of the teeth about twenty-three inches.

What Mr. Delano claims as his invention, is so making horserakes by hanging the head or heads on one common rod or pivot, so as to allow each tooth to have a separate and independent movement, to enable the rake to pass over small as well as large obstructions, without disturbing the action of any of the contiguous teeth beyond the obstructing body. These rakes are for sale by D. Landreth & Son, 21 and 23 South Sixth street, Phila.

GROUND FEED FOR STOCK.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Mr. Editor:—In the Post of April 26th, I notice a little article on "Ground and Unground Feed," by a "Gloucester Farmer," in which he seems to condemn *ground corn as feed for stock*, as producing colic, occasioning sore shoulders, &c. That such is the case in feeding it *dry* to stock, I have no doubt, and it should never be fed to them in this way. It should always be well *scalded* or *cooked first*; and fed in this way to them, it is much better, and will go a great way further—or it will take much less—than when unground. Of this, I am *convinced* from *experience*, and observation both. When fed, it should always be well mixed with plenty of *cut* oats, straw, or hay. I have no doubt, that corn *well soaked*, is much better feed than when dry, but it is made much better by being well *boiled*, when, in feeding it to hogs, it will go at least a *fourth* further than the dry; and *ground* and *cooked*, still another *fourth* further. Care should be taken in warm weather not to let it *sour*, as that makes it very injurious. The best and most economical feed for stock is made by *crushing* the whole ear of corn—shuck, cob, and all, as there is a good deal of nutriment in the shuck, or husk, and cob thus treated, and they also assist in serving for cut feed. It should also be well scalded before being fed, and will answer very well without straw or hay, but is better with the addition of some of these. For crushing, Rowe's Patent Crusher is by far the best machine or mill I have ever seen. It consists of a solid, heavy, circular cast-iron wheel or crusher, made to fit in a circular wooden trench, lined with wrought, in which it rolls and crushes the corn, which is first placed in it. It is pulled around by mules or horses, attached to a lever or arm, on which the crusher is fastened, and the weight can be increased, if necessary, by placing wooden pieces on top. It is accompanied by a small bolting chest, and makes the finest and best *meal* for family use, and the best "small *hominy*" I ever ate. Its *cost* is the principal obstacle in the way of its purchase, being from $250 to $300, or $350, according to the size. Mr. Rowe, the patentee, resides, I am informed, near Tampa Bay, Florida.

Murray, Ky., May 1st, 1856. J. R. H.

CARROTS.—It is asserted that forty years of scientific observation and of experiment have settled, beyond question, that carrots are the best food, or at least the best staple for teams of horses. Lean hogs can be best started into fattening on them. A correspondent of the Farm Journal asserts that no food is superior for feeding oxen, or young cattle and milch cows, and that finally, they fatten sheep profitably.

"As a food for milch cows in winter, nothing better or cheaper can be found. They not only keep the animal in excellent condition, but produce larger secretions of milk, and butter made from cows fed on carrots will not only be a finer, richer, and more saleable color, but entirely free from the flavor which turnips impart to it, and which is so disagreeable to most persons. The following analysis will serve to show the amount of alimentary substances in the carrot:—Flesh forming ingredients (*i. e.* nitrogen containing,) 1.48; heat-giving ingredients (*i. e.* free from nitrogen,) 11.61; ashes, 0.81; water, 86.10—Total, 100.000.

CULTIVATING BARLEY.—*One man's Opinion.*—Mr. Profannah Knox, of Mount Healthy, Ohio, writes to the Genesee Farmer:

"The soil best suited for barley is of a light, dry nature; but we raise it here on clay sub-soil with success. I sow as early as the ground can be got into a mellow condition after sowing the oats. We sow at the rate of two bushels per acre. If it is late in the spring, a little more should be sown. A light harrow should be used to cover the seed. Twenty-five to thirty bushels per acre is considered with us a good crop. If the land is wet, it is better not to sow until it works fine, even if you have to wait till late in the season. Barley is an excellent crop after potatoes, when the land has been well cultivated.

CEDAR HEDGES.—For screens or hedges in ornamental grounds nothing surpasses our native cedar, which is so cheap. Planted close together they form an impervious mass of foliage, and it will bear shearing and cutting into any shape desired. For protection against cold winds on the north and west sides of buildings this is admirable. Its foliage is very fresh and lively in spring and summer. Some dislike its sombre or dingy hue in winter; to us this quality is rather pleasing than otherwise, inasmuch as it casts off its gravity in the spring with such a seeming willingness and joy, and assumes its summer dress so readily, it is more in character and harmony with the season.—*Prairie Farmer.*

REMEDY FOR GIRDLED TREES.—A Michigan correspondent of the Country Gentleman says, that he found four of his apple trees girdled by mice, nearly a foot above ground, and that he immediately made a mound of earth around two of them, covering well the girdled portion. The next Fall he found them well barked over. One bore fruit. Those not served in this manner died. He says they must be covered before the barked portions become seasoned.

THE FRUIT ORCHARD AND NURSERY.—Go among the bearing fruit trees and examine the trunk and limbs; take out the diseased wood; scrape off the rough bark of the apple and pear, and smear their trunks with soft soap; remove the gum around the base of the peach tree, and, from the spout of a boiling teakettle, pour boiling water into the holes of the worms in the root; this will kill the worm without injury to the tree; shorten the long branches of the peach tree—lighten the soil around all fruit trees with a fork, that the rootlets may not be cut.

If you look for profit from an orchard, cultivate the orchard for its fruit, and not for cotton, peas or potatoes. All amateur farmer and cultivators should have a stock of seedlings on hand, that they may graft choice varieties upon. Grafting is a very simple process, and may be performed by children and servants with success, after a few hours' instruction.—*Soil of the South.*

GUANO FOR POTATOES.—Guano is second only to hog-manure for the potato crop. In Great Britain where but few hogs, comparatively, are raised, and where hog-manure is, of course, but little used, guano is of late considered the *most potent* of all manures in raising a *maximum* crop of potatoes. This corresponds with the results of trials made in this country also. It must be mixed either with the soil or with some other divisor, so as not to come directly into contact with the seed. Some errors have been committed through neglect of this precaution. The *safest* mode of applying it is to sow it broadcast—300 or 400 pounds per acre—and to thoroughly mingle it with the soil before planting. A table-spoonful of plaster, or a handful of charcoal dust, have been found useful applications, in the hill, at the time of planting by Eastman and others.

BROKEN WIND.—*Messrs. Editors of Sat. Eve. Post:* One of your reader asks the best regimen for broken winded horses. I give you one used with success in this region:

R.—One package prairie horse tonic,

Powdered blood root,	1 drachm.
" white mustard seed,	3 "
" caraway seeds,	3 "

MIX. Dose, one teaspoonful twice a-day. Hay not to exceed eight pounds a-day—water thirty quarts.

Warren, Trumbull Co., Ohio. C. H.

THE POWER OF IMAGINATION.—That mysterious influence exercised by the mind over the body, is well illustrated in the following case, contained in Doctor Warren's excellent treatise on the "Preservation of Health:"

"Sometime since a female presented herself to me with a tumor, or swelling of the sub-maxillary gland of the neck. It was about the size of an egg, had lasted two years, and was so very hard that I considered any effort to dissipate it by medicine to be vain, and advised its removal by an operation.

"To this the patient could not bring her mind; therefore, to satisfy her wish, some applications of considerable activity were directed to be made to the part, and these she pursued a number of weeks without any change. After this she called on me, and with some hesitation, begged to know whether an application recommended to her would, in my opinion, be safe. This consisted in applying the hand of a dead man three times to the diseased part. One of her neighbors now lay dead, and she had an opportunity of trying the experiment, if not thought dangerous. At first I was disposed to divert her from it, but recollecting the power of the imagination, gravely assured her that she might make the trial, without apprehension of serious consequences. A while after she presented herself once more, and, with a smiling countenance, informed me she had used this remedy, and no other; and on examining for the tumor, it had disappeared."

ADVERTISING OBITUARY.—Died on the 11th inst., at his shop, No. 30 Greenwich street, Mr. Edward Jones, much respected by all who knew and dealt with him. As a man, he was amiable; as a baiter, upright and moderate. His virtues were beyond all price, and his beaver hats were only three dollars each. He has left a widow to deplore his loss, and a large stock to be sold cheap for the benefit of his family. He was snatched to the other world in the prime of life, just as he had concluded an extensive purchase of felt, which he got so cheap that the widow can supply hats at a more reasonable rate than any house in the city. His disconsolate family will carry on business with punctuality.

ROMAN FARMERS.—In Rome, the most remarkable republic of ancient times, a large proportion of the people were engaged in agricultural pursuits. History informs us that during the time of the greatest prosperity of the Roman republic, persons of noble blood tilled their little farms of seven acres with their own hands, and the highest ambition of the women of that republic was to make good housewives. The daughters of individuals of all grades and ranks were inspired with a high degree of emulation as to which could best perform her duty in the domestic affairs of the household. Happy would it be for our country if the young ladies of the American republic would follow their example.

The Riddler.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 32 letters.

My 9, 23, 23, 29, 27, 9, 28, was a heathen hero.
My 1, 23, 12, 20, 8, 31, 1, was a celestial deity.
My 25, 2, 3, 5, 31, 32, was a terrestrial deity.
My 24, 8, 26, 27, 3, 17, 23, 8, 28, was the son of Bacchus and Venus Urania.
My 2, 8, 12, 8, 31, 7, was a celestial goddess.
My 23, 20, 21, 2, 3, 8, 28, was a marine deity.
My 20, 2, 23, 9, 21, 31, was a heathen hero.
My 28, 20, 4, 16, 16, 17, was a monster of the sea.
My 20, 27, 21, 23, 28, was a terrestrial goddess.
My 17, 23, 14, 18, 8, 28, was a terrestrial deity.
My 10, 16, 21, 12, 17, was a rural goddess.
My 28, 18, 2, 32, was a bird sacred to Venus.
My 29, 23, 31, 20, 8, 16, 27, 28, was one of the most celebrated heroes of antiquity.
My 2, 28, 9, 31, 17, 23, 2, was a terrestrial goddess.
My 5, 16, 2, 8, 20, 8, 28, was a marine deity.
My 22, 16, 1, 8, 23, was a terrestrial deity.
My 16, 2, 9, 11, 18, 17, was a celestial goddess.
My 18, 23, 8, 20, 20, 9, 24, 27, 17, was a marine deity.
My 17, 9, 16, 2, 23, was a heathen hero.
My 28, 14, 26, 3, 8, 28, was an infernal deity.
My 26, 23, 19, 27, 17, was the wife of Jason.
My 23, 27, 32, 23, 8, 28, was a marine deity.
My 22, 11, 31, 28, was an infernal deity.
My 24, 2, 12, 28, was a celestial deity.
My 8, 16, 4, 28, 28, 23, 28, was a heathen hero.

My whole is a maxim that will apply to many adventurers who went to California to seek for gold. CAHMSW.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 54 letters.

My 16, 4, 14, 6, 2, 20, is an English writer of a great Epic poem.
My 21, 25, 36, 23, 8, 13, 30, an author whose writings are models of the English language.
My 2, 10, 14, 32, 54, 28, was a distinguished English poetess.
My 49, 31, 40, 48, 30, a celebrated Irish poet.
My 23, 45, 24, 37, 20, 28, an American author of great ability.
My 6, 5, 10, 3, 1, 13, 6, 22, an American historian.
My 36, 43, 27, 51, 44, the author of one of the most popular works of fiction.
My 12, 2, 48, 18, 39, 50, 51, an old English poet.
My 26, 23, 17, 17, 46, 34, an English historian.
My 6, 40, 8, 23, an English poet and severe critic.
My 19, 8, 29, 30, 53, 30, 11, a poet in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.
My 8, 15, 16, 25, author of a history of England.
My 17, 14, 26, 26, 49, 47, 52, 10, 14, 36, an uneducated rural poet.
My 14, 26, 8, 10, 36, 42, 41, 42, 28, 54, a Spanish poet.
My 6, 35, 38, 5, 31, an Italian poet.

My whole is an illustrious personage, his birthplace and great achievement. SWEDELAND.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 50 letters.

My 17, 33, 26, 35, 13, 21, 27, 48, 46, is a range of mountains in North America.
My 23, 14, 5, 17, 11, is a mountain in Asia.
My 23, 9, 37, 30, 26, 38, 38, is a mountain in Europe.
My 22, 24, 12, 39, is a mountain in Europe.
My 22, 43, 6, 6, 10, 19, 4, 9, 19, 17, is a mountain in South America.
My 1, 11, 37, 5, 32, 33, 26, 38, is a mountain in the United States.
My 5, 2, 36, is a mountain in the United States.
My 26, 29, 21, 42, 9, 11, 31, 27, 21, 23, 46, 39, is a mountain in Mexico.
My 31, 26, 9, 7, 47, 15, 17, 25, 27, is a mountain of Central America.
My 6, 34, 33, 49, 13, 27, 8, is a mountain in Asia.
My 5, 55, 44, 22, 46, 17, 16, is a mountain in Asia.
My 20, 27, 36, 24, 22, 32, is a mountain in Ireland.
My 42, 41, 23, 30, 3, 9, 2, 14, 43, is a mountain in Switzerland.

My whole is a mountain of Asia. CINROE.

CHARADE.

Beside old Nilus' banks there strayed,
Long centuries bygone,
A youthful form in queenly garb arrayed,
And as she wandered on,
A wailing infant at her feet was laid,
Snatched from the waters by her dusky maid,
And as she gazed, she saw my first did wave
The little voyager from its untimely grave.

Eighty slow years rolled on their way,
Over the nation rolled,
That prattling infant's head was heavy gray,
That maiden had grown old;
When o'er that nation settled down a gloom,
Darker and blacker than the very tomb;
And that thick darkness, that the nation cursed
With direful fear, is likened to my First.

'Mid many a gay and festive scene,
My second we behold,
Leading the dancers on the village green—
On many a mountain cold.
Cheering the weary watchman with its gleam,
That fills the heart with many a waking dream,
Faithful companion of the toil-worn hind,
My second goes before, he following close, we find.

Upon the hill-side stands a throng
Of stout New England's sons,—
For solemn worship met, and now along,
A quiet murmur runs.
Then swells the solemn psalm's sweet harmony;
My Whole that guides, controls the melody,
So prized because it doth my First create.
Is both no charm beside. I for my answer wait.

POMPEII.

☞ A solution is requested.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a home in fair nature's domain,
Where fancy soars free and sublime;
My second's the name of an article small,
Though useful in every clime.

Some there are in this world, who deserve my third's name,
Not these, though, who dress very fine,
Of my whole you've oft read, or else doubtless heard,
A fair geometrical line.

Lexington, Ky O. L. BRADLEY.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 3 letters, forming a word of two syllables.
My whole is a much used and much valued article, desired by all and possessed by many.
Deprive me of my first and fifth, and I become a number.
Take away my first, fourth and fifth, and I become a preposition.
Without my second, third and fifth, I am a pronoun.
Erase my second, third and fourth, and I become an [illegible] five.

Stationville, Pa. CLINT.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If the area of a right-angled triangle be 16 acres, and the difference between the segments of the hypothenuse made by a perpendicular falling from the right-angle on the hypothenuse be 28 perches, what are the sides of the triangle?

Venango, Co., Pa. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

CONUNDRUMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

☞ Why can the letter E do more than all the astronomers? Ans.—Because it makes the planet Mars a march.

☞ What object obtains the most smiles from a lady? Ans.—The looking-glass.

☞ What has the most followers and fewest opposers? Ans.—The fashion.

☞ Why is the young Prince of Algiers like the hind quarter of a beef? Ans.—Because he is the least bony part (least Bonaparte).

☞ Why should the letters C E be prohibited by the the Maine Liquor Law? Ans.—Because they make a pun punch.

J. BUEL.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—"We have met the enemy and they are ours."—*O. H. Perry.* MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Ferdinand Magellan. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Mademoiselle Theresa Parodi. CHARADE.—Philadelphia (Phil-a-dell-fee-an). REBUS.—Fire. (Fashion. Idol, Ann Evil.) CHARADE.—Memorandum. PROBLEM.—13 186 square feet. GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.—Height of low tower 62,721 feet. Height of higher 115,000 feet. Distance between the towers 121,353 feet.

Messrs. Editors:—I perceive that W. E. G. gives as answer to my Problem of March 8th, 7,680 miles, whereas true answer is 14,765 miles. Yours, with respect,

Strasburg, Pa. T. W. HE[illegible]